



LOOKING FORWARD

►► FIRST prize for the choicest brickbat cast at us last week goes to a gentleman by the name of Rev. W. E. J. Gratz of Chicago, editor of the *Epworth Herald*. At the Iowa Conference of the Methodist Church in Knoxville, this gentleman told the assembled ministers that not only were sex magazines everywhere making editors wealthy (sic), but that even the Outlook had become a curse and a menace to the world. "Started originally by Christian men, it now should be barred from every Christian home."

►► FURTHER perusal of the speech yielded the additional information that Dr. Gratz no longer condemns the movies in toto, but asks only that they be attended with discriminating taste. A slightly tainted movie, now and then—but never the Outlook! Heigh-ho! So says Dr. Gratz.

►► ASIDE from the fact that this looks like complete success to us, we are moved to wonder at the ways of such ministers of the gospel as this. In what intellectual orbit do they move and have their being? What do intelligent and liberal clergymen think of them? Are they the Subway Shockers of the religious world? Or are they merely one more evidence of the difficulties of the church today in securing intelligent men?

►► MEN LIKE Dr. Gratz are of precisely the same stripe as the bigots who bitterly assailed the "Christian men who originally started" this paper—in particular Dr. Lyman Abbott, for his liberal views on Darwin's theory of evolution. They have been foes of liberalism in every age. Until now, to be picked out for attack by them, has been an honor.

►► THAT such is happily no longer the case is due, no doubt, to the changed estimation in which the modern world holds the tight-minded fanatic. When Dr. Gratz's public attack was first reported to us, one of our younger editorial associates remarked merely: "Gratz in the belfry." We believe it states the view of the coming generation completely, if not elegantly.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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An etching by T. F. Simon

OUTLOOK

and Independent

September 24, 1930

▶▶ Hooverizing the Press ◀◀

WHEN Herbert Hoover came into the White House his relations with the press gave promise of more freedom and pleasantness than those of any preceding President.

As a candidate he had, for political reasons, said as little as possible. After his election he had been very chary of expressing opinions or allowing his plans to become public because of possible embarrassment to President Coolidge, but those around him had been free in their predictions that as soon as he took the oath of office all this would be changed and that the frankness of Mr. Hoover's days as Food Administrator and Secretary of Commerce would return.

The President himself gave every indication of that intention at his first press conference after the inauguration. He greeted the two hundred correspondents who crowded into his private office with a smiling cheerfulness which was refreshing after the frigid solemnity of Coolidge. He explained that he considered the White House press conferences an evolutionary development. He relegated that old ghost, the White House "spokesman," into the attic, and said that he had come to the conclusion that he could experiment with a policy of permitting himself to be directly quoted. He outlined three classes of information—that for direct quotation, that for attribution to the "White House" but not to the President directly, and "background" information for a correspondent to use on his own authority.

Mr. Hoover asked for the appointment of a committee of correspondents

By HAROLD BRAYMAN

The newspaper correspondents at Washington watched the opening of the Hoover Administration with high hopes. The "Spokesman" of the Coolidge days—an exceedingly transparent ghost—was banished. Mr. Hoover indicated a policy of frankness. But the hope of better relations between the President and the Press soon faded. Mr. Hoover reveals few of his plans, and explains almost nothing. "We shall use words to convey meaning, not to conceal it," the President promised at Palo Alto. He uses, however, few words of any kind in dealing with the Press.

to discuss details with him, expressed a hope for cordial relations, and announced that he would be prepared to talk personally to individuals about specific matters. The two hundred, remembering how George Barr Baker had read copy for the President before correspondents could file it on board the U.S.S. Maryland during the Good Will tour to South America, left with beaming faces, feeling that Mr. Hoover had decided to revolutionize his more recent contacts with newspapermen, and that the White House through the press would be on a plane of cordiality with the public previously unequalled.

PERHAPS the correspondents misinterpreted President Hoover's intentions of March 5, 1929, but those who thought that his statement meant that the newspapermen would be able to find out easily what was happening at the White House, what the President's opinions were, with whom he discussed them, and what actions had been taken, have had eighteen months of almost constant disillusionment.

It is quite possible that if Mr. Hoover had had a normal existence as President with no more than the ordinary newspaper and public criticism, the expected frankness would have material-

ized. Almost from the start, however, the Hoover administration found life a hard and slippery trail. The desertion of Borah and the progressives in the Senate, and the formation of the troublesome coalition almost as soon as the special session had been called, was a sufficiently severe blow, but in addition came the stock market crash, unemployment, the increase in the agricultural depression, and numerous minor annoyances. All these have led to more public criticism than any previous administration has had to bear since the last two years of Woodrow Wilson's. Whether deserved or undeserved, the constant attacks obviously tended to drive one so sensitive to public opinion as President Hoover further and further into silence.

In this withdrawal to his shell the President has not violated the letter of his March fifth utterance, although the spirit of it is long since crape-covered. The press conferences are still held every Tuesday at noon and every Friday at four, but the information obtained from them has been growing less and less. The also noble "experiment" of direct quotation has not been abandoned, but the subjects on which it is permitted are limited entirely to statements reflecting decided credit upon the administration, or formal statements of policy. "Background" information is still available occasionally, but it usually resembles propaganda more than information of what has happened or what the President's attitude is toward specific matters. The personal talks with correspondents still occur, but rarely—except with those whose loyalty to the administration is unquestioned.

It is sometimes incomprehensible just what the purpose of the President's press relations are; whether they are to keep the public informed of his position on public matters and of current developments of the government; or whether they are to provide pacans of praise for the great mental agility of the presidential mind in its daily conflicts with such blind, bewildered and uncomprehending creatures as the gentlemen of the United States Senate.

The retreat from complete frankness is nowhere better illustrated than in Mr. Hoover's treatment of written questions at the press conferences. It was the custom in the days of Coolidge for the President to receive as many as a score of inquiries, the system being then as now that they must be submitted in writing. President Coolidge used to rise solemnly from his chair with the sheaf of questions in his hand. One by one he would go over them, answering each or saying that he had no comment, or that he was not prepared to answer at this time. He frequently gave explanatory information to the correspondents, and many of his answers could be written at once under some such form as this: "The President's attitude on such a subject is so and so, it was learned authoritatively at the White House today." When stories so attributed appeared on Tuesday afternoons or Saturday mornings all whose understanding of Washington news was beyond the kindergarten stage knew that the source had been one of the President's press conferences Tuesday at 12:00 or Friday at 4:00. President Coolidge answered most of the questions that he was asked. If correspondents wanted information, they could get it. To be sure, they had to take it "off the record" occasionally, but they nevertheless did manage to obtain it.

Under the Hoover régime the writ-

ten question system has gone into desuetude. From the start President Hoover completely ignored most of the inquiries. He never appeared with the sheaf in his hand, going over them one by one. Instead he had a few notes scratched on a pad, or if something was to be given out for quotation, the actual text written out before him, from which he read.

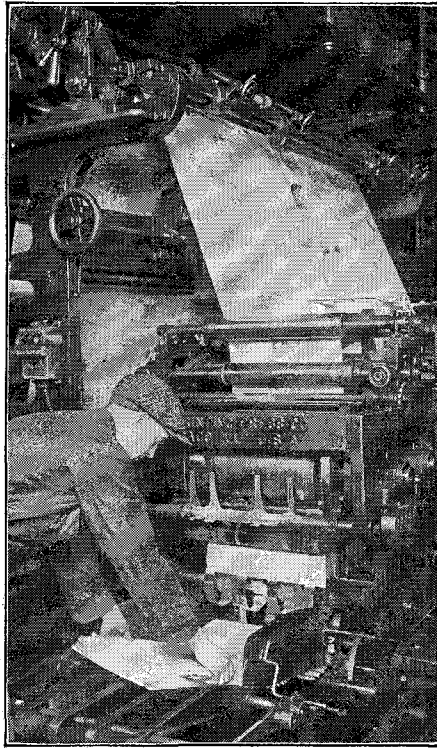
This unique treatment of written inquiries—unprecedented since the War days when President Wilson abandoned the press conferences because the oral questions then permitted were frequently too embarrassing—is so pronounced that most of the correspondents no longer take the trouble to write them out. Hence the evolutional development of the press conference

has been toward the reading of a prepared statement for quotation (which could as well be handed out by a secretary) or some such brief information as:

"Good afternoon, gentlemen. I find that I am unable to go to the Rapidan camp this week because of the press of duties here in Washington. Aside from that I don't know that I have any information for you."

Then with a pleasant smile the President would bow while the correspondents filed out. If one inquired later of the secretary about the nature of the "press of duties" he could get only vague responses. That was the point where intellectual curiosity ceased to be a virtue.

The secondary source of information at the White House is George Akerson, one of the President's secretaries. He has a conference with the correspondents every day at ten and at four. These sometimes have a delightful quality of banter, but are rarely productive of more than the most routine information, although to the uninitiated, Mr. Akerson appears the acme of confiding trust.



Ewing Galloway

The finished edition

Occasionally he gets his facts a little muddled as on the day when he nodded his head wisely and confidentially in the affirmative when asked at four o'clock if Justice Harlan F. Stone was to be appointed Chief Justice, and at 4:30 followed it with confirmation in the form of a statement naming Charles Evans Hughes.

Although inclined to be as helpful as he is permitted to be, he is sometimes forgetful. The daily lists of those coming to see the President (which are posted in the press room) always inform the correspondents about that senior class from a Wisconsin high school with which the President is being photographed, or the formal call of the Minister from Bolivia to present one of his eminent countrymen, or the old friend from California who is paying his respects, but sometimes Secretary Stimson gets overlooked, or Senator Watson, majority leader, or others whose coming may have real significance. Furthermore, many of Mr. Hoover's most important conferences take place in the seclusion of non-office hours, and rumors are constantly afloat about this or that person seeing him—rumors about which no information is available at the White House. What really happens at the senatorial breakfasts so common while Congress is in session has to be ascertained from senators—it is seldom related at other sources.

IN HIS acceptance speech at Palo Alto Mr. Hoover made the astonishing statement, for a presidential candidate, that "we shall use words to convey meaning, not to conceal it." Most of the Washington correspondents would be quite content if the modified application of this to the press conferences were merely: "we shall use words." That would at least give them the puzzle-solver's pleasure of trying to find the meaning.

The presidential reticence, however, is neither uniform nor all-inclusive. There are a few trusted and dependable correspondents who, as in Roosevelt's day, are very close to the President. They are frequent guests at the Rapidan camp; they are invited to dinner at the White House; they talk with the President in the quiet and seclusion of his periods of rest and play; they learn, and eventually assimilate, his point of view; his attitude on specific questions is frequently obtainable by talking with them.

There are also assistant favorites,

who do not receive week-end invitations, but who come to Mr. Akerson's office singly or in groups of two or three, and pick up stray enlightenment about the inner working of Mr. Hoover's mind. Occasionally they obtain a brief confidential conversation with the President during a free moment, after which they explain obscure morsels of inner secrecy that demonstrate what base individuals the President's critics are.

These two groups comprise a select class of correspondents, scarcely more than a dozen in number, whose clairvoyance enables them to print on authority—always declared to be unimpeachable—many of the far-sighted motives and business-like aims of President Hoover, many of the explanations of the hard luck which has brought him criticism.

The discovery was made about a year ago, for example, that President Hoover was not really a dry at heart, that he recognized the impossibility of the Volstead law, and that if the wets would be patient and stop criticizing him, he would in time come out with tremendous influence for a change in prohibition. These same stories pointed out naïvely enough that probably the most advantageous time would be a year or so after his re-election.

At another time, when demand developed in the Republican party for the resignation of Claudius Huston as national chairman, this same coterie explained how the President was not really responsible for the choice of a Muscle Shoals lobbyist as head of the party. Huston had really been pushed upon the President by two Republican senators, it was declared. Curiously,



Composing room in a large city newspaper

this group had exactly the opposite impression (along with every one else) at the time Mr. Huston was named in September, 1929, but the real facts did not reach their ears until Mr. Huston was discredited.

Still a further instance arises in reference to Justice Owen J. Roberts who was nominated for the Supreme Court after Judge Parker had been rejected. The press allies pointed out how much more reactionary he was than Judge Parker, and how the group that had defeated Parker should start a fight on Roberts if they were really sincere. Those who know Justice Roberts well, understand his liberalism. The effort to incite the Senate liberals to a fight doomed to certain failure would have discredited President Hoover's liberal opponents if it had been successful—a result which would obviously have

caused considerable grief to the executive.

Then there is the example of the discovery last winter that the President's sympathies were really with the coalition on the tariff bill, in all respects except the debenture and the flexibility clause. This was printed in the Middle West where popular favor seemed to side with the coalition. Strangely enough, none of the clairvoyant correspondents representing the industrial East made this discovery, but the paper which carried the story had a wide circulation and copies of it reached Washington. Senator Grundy disgustingly passed it around until coalition senators hastily claimed Mr. Hoover and put the story into the Congressional Record, much to the annoyance of the high tariff Republicans.

DESPITE the smallness of the number of correspondents under the direct influence of the President, in one way or another, the long hand of Herbert Hoover exercises a greater or lesser degree of guidance over the written copy of probably close to fifty per cent of the correspondents. Those whose contacts are direct are chiefly syndicate writers or heads of powerful bureaus, so that their influence is wide.

In another way, the executive sway reaches out through newspaper editors and owners who are sought at the White House. Many are occasional luncheon or dinner guests, and sometimes receive invitations to the Blue Ridge camp. Mr. Hoover's intentions are no doubt entirely proper but his cordiality, coupled with the social prestige of the White House, sometimes works profound

(Please Turn to Page 155)



News room in a modern plant

➤➤ Drought in the Social Register ◀◀

THE first dinner party which I attended during a stay in Philadelphia proved to me how grossly I had been deceived about the decline of individual initiative and liberalism in the older Philadelphia families. My able and talented host was able to adapt himself very easily to the exigencies of prohibition. We were served with wine made from California grapes, which, without any flattery, could be said to equal the better secondary Monopole wines of France. And my host had supervised the making of it, himself!

I had just returned from Germany and was rather tired of having European friends lecture to me about the decadence of the social arts of eating and drinking in America because of prohibition. To be specific, they quoted examples of American hostesses who had served champagne in silver decanters because silver decanters happened to be the rage. Or port in the place of sherry. Another mentioned iced Burgundy and shuddered.

I am sorry these German professors did not meet any Philadelphia women on their lecture trips abroad. The ten or so charming débutantes and younger matrons whom I met at this party seemed to be just as much aware of the traditions and service of fine wines as any group of similar background in Europe. This became particularly apparent when one of the men guests tried to prove that his host's California wine had a bouquet similar to Liebfraumilch. His dinner partner, a slender young blonde certainly not over thirty, casually pointed out how much more earthy all California wines were, and why they more nearly approximate Bordeaux of second cru.

FROM THIS THE subject of conversation turned to wines. Then to prohibition, which was leisurely dismissed by all but one of the guests as something rather inconvenient at times but after all of not very great importance. The one demurrer, a serious-eyed young débutante, became quite definite about the duties of her class toward the rest of society, to the tolerant amusement of the others.

"We should set an example for the masses," she insisted, "because if people of wealth and social position would stop drinking the working classes would stop it, too."

One of the guests made a remark

By DARWIN TEILHET

about the claret she had just sipped. She looked at him scornfully.

"Claret? That isn't drinking. What I mean is this bootlegging and all of this breaking of laws."

She made a vague gesture with her hands.

"Wine is different. You can't serve a decent meal without it, let alone have one cooked. But all of this poison alcohol you read about in the papers and—and—"

Some one said that she sounded very much like one of Mrs. Ruth Strawbridge's circular letters which were sent out the day before, May 28, 1929, asking Society to stop drinking as an example for the rest of the United States. The débutante placidly admitted receiving a copy of the letter and promptly wanted to know if any others present had been noticed by Mrs. Strawbridge. In answer to my questions, one of the young women found a crumpled copy in her purse for my edification. I read it while hands were being counted amid much laughter, for it appeared that the letter had been received by only those who were in the "Social Register." The letter was recently made public by the author herself and is remarkable enough to be printed again:

I am taking the liberty of addressing myself to you as a representative of Philadelphia women, to enquire confidentially whether in your judgment it would be possible to constitute a committee of women of your own standing in the social world who would interest themselves in creating sentiment for the observance of the prohibition law within their own circles.

There has no doubt come to your attention the notable example set by Mrs. Edward B. McLean of Washington in this respect. I am sending you herewith a photostatic copy of the newspaper article which was published about Mrs. McLean's Easter breakfast-party.

I have every reason to believe that her courage in making this innovation* in Washington society met with the hearty approval of President Hoover, and of all others, like himself, who are trying to inculcate in our people at this time a more lively sense of their individual obligations as American citizens.

I am moving in the direction above indicated in my own community. My

*This "innovation" which required so much courage on the part of Mrs. McLean, consisted of serving a "dry" breakfast party.

eventual desire is to form a national committee comprised of local groups all over the country. We plan no spectacular crusade, no public meetings, no newspaper publicity—nothing of that sort at all.

My thought is simply that if people whose wealth and position clothe them with the power of example can be induced to set an example, as Mrs. McLean is trying to do, we could be of inestimable value to the President in carrying out his program for law observance and law enforcement by the people themselves.

May I reiterate that anything you are good enough to write me or to suggest will be treated in strictest confidence.

MRS. RUTH G. K. STRAWBRIDGE.

Eight of the young women present had received copies of this letter. Six of them cheerfully admitted that they had dropped theirs into the waste-basket, along with the daily mass of circulars and advertisements, and had already forgotten about it.

"You see," one of them was kind enough to explain to me, "even in Philadelphia, in these days, there are so many out for social publicity of some kind or other that it's very difficult for us to distinguish the good from the bad."

The serious-eyed débutante, alone, had written Mrs. Strawbridge a reply.

"Two of father's men died of poison alcohol last month," she said with a trace of defiance, "and I think that if the working classes—the masses, you know—thought that their employers observed prohibition they might observe it, too."

"What do you know about the working classes?" some one laughed from the other end of the table. "If the truth were known I'll wager they're probably getting better stuff than we are and paying less."

She pretended to make a face at him.

"Don't let your father smash up that splendid wine cellar of his until my husband sees him," quickly observed one young woman. "I know that Bob will be glad to buy it if your family is going to follow . . ."

"But, I tell you wine hasn't anything to do with drinking," the other insisted, evidently surprised by her friend's inability to understand. "It's all this poison alcohol and—and all that sort of thing that's bad for the masses. Don't you see?"

By this time some one had audibly wondered whether or not a Stutz could go faster than a Farman. The débutante,

after remarking to her host that his claret tasted as if it were at least three years old, told her partner on her right that she had beaten a Farman with her Packard, last summer, racing on the Autostrade between Milan and Como.

Mrs. Ruth G. K. Strawbridge and her letters had already been completely forgotten

But she did not stop sending the letters. From her local headquarters socially prominent women throughout the entire United States have been similarly circularized. On my way west I heard of these letters every now and then. After serving a delicious cup of punch, a New Orleans woman rather plaintively asked, knowing that I had just come from Philadelphia, if I had ever heard of a Mrs. Strawbridge there. It seems that she had just addressed her a very peculiar letter

Then there was the incident in Chicago. Two ambitious entrants of Chicago's social aristocracy each received a letter and, after reflecting over the publicity Mrs. McLean received, both almost simultaneously issued invitations for "dry" supper parties for the same evening. This made it extremely difficult for the two rival publicity experts who had been employed by the matrons to see that their parties received ample space in the society columns of the Chicago papers. Finally, one of the publicity experts arose to the occasion. On the afternoon of the dinner, after making the necessary arrangements with his client, he let it be circulated among the reporters that his patron's husband, forgetting that it was supposed to be a "dry" occasion, had requested his bootlegger to deliver the usual consignment for such parties. The matron thought it would be too dangerous to store such a quantity of wines and liquors, and she had decided to present it to the reporters who covered her party. Needless to say, thanks to the brilliant idea of her publicity adviser, the first matron's

"dry" dinner was an immense success and she received three times the space in the newspapers that her friend's party did.

In Los Angeles, for two or three months after the stock market crash, wives of socially prominent brokers found it exceedingly convenient to entertain "dry." San Francisco, conservative and independent, has had too much experience to permit a stock market depression to change its habits. The most completely stocked bar in the West was opened on Sutter street for thirsty business men; beer dropped in price; a few women permitted themselves to wonder if President Hoover had actually given such hearty approval to Mrs. Strawbridge's scheme for drying the nation's tables; some one else remembered that he was still speaking to Dwight Morrow.

Yet recently Mrs. Ruth G. K. Strawbridge, in a signed article in a women's magazine of mass circulation, publicly states that her plan is successful in bringing about the acceptance of prohibition by starting a vogue for it among the socially elect and then depending upon the mass to ape their leaders. She writes confidently:

"Once the vogue catches it will spread through the social system from coast to coast. Society has been waiting for leaders who will set the pace. These leaders

have now arisen, and the fashion of dry entertaining is being followed as enthusiastically as the latest modes from Paris."

The implication that dry entertaining is now being enthusiastically followed by society is interesting, whether it is true or not. Remember that this article of Mrs. Strawbridge's was written for a magazine which does not appeal to her circle, but to the very mass of women she is trying to influence. In reading her article, one is struck by the repeated use of such words as "vogue," "fashionable," "set the pace," "passé," and all of the other, old, familiar clichés used to such advantage by advertisers wishing to influence the mass market by the use of the names of socially prominent persons.

From the admission in the second paragraph of the article it is at once apparent that the advertising strategy of the snob appeal is being followed in this new prohibition propaganda campaign. As she says:

"If the fashionable element will uphold prohibition, observance of the law eventually will reach all strata of society, for current customs usually begin with what is known as society. Although it has been denied vigorously in some quarters, most young girls *do* imitate the

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Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

BAR—1930

A drawing by J. W. Golinkin

►► The Tent Show Turns to Sex ◄◄

By ZELDA F. POPKIN

"YOU found me an innocent country maiden. You brought me here and made me into *this*!"

The girl's black eyes flashed, but only a flicker of that fire was directed toward the blonde youth who cringed in front of her. She glanced (while the flames of wrath darted from her eyes) over the dim front rows, to the cheap seats at the back, where a baby howled in its mother's arms. From her tangerine lips, an unmistakable hiss slid across the footlights. "Shut that kid up," she demanded.

"You were wise in the ways of the world, and I trusted you without questioning." The line lost somewhat of the force of its pathetic implications because, at the moment of utterance, the heroine had to turn and stamp her foot at grandpa, who, down in the front row, was whispering sibilant comment to the devilish octogenarian next to him, and at the ten-year-olds across the aisle, who had reached the point at which giggles become hysterics. "Stop that noise, you in front. Cut it out!"

At length recrimination and righteousness both prevailed. The weak-kneed hero saw the light, promised to forget the woman whom he had planned to wed for ambition's sake, and to give a name to the babe of the trusting maiden whom he had wronged. Besides, he had been shown the knitted bootee and the tiny shirt that had been concealed in the work basket, and what else was there for a man to do?

A woman in the audience wiped her eyes; a man cleared his throat; a small boy said: "Cripes, ain't it funny?" The applause however was soft, but respectful.

The villain stepped to the footlights, in full dress and make-up:

"We hope you've enjoyed our production, folks. Don't forget, tomorrow a great human drama which each and every mother should see, entitled *Why Girls Walk Home*. It has one of the funniest comedy characters ever seen on any stage. The next night our show will be *The Sweetest Girl in Dixie*, a lovely comedy drama of the Sunny Southland. Each and every lady attending the performance will receive a free admission ticket for Thursday night's performance, when we will present that well-known comedy hit, *The Best Man Wins*. We hope to see each and every one of you on each and every one of these occa-

sions. I want especially to call your attention to Friday night. This is the big night. The play is that famous Broadway dramatic success, *What Every Daughter Should Learn*."

The audience picked its way over the littered, sweet-smelling, trampled grass through the big tent, and out into the silent darkness of the village streets. The grinding of shifting gears, the honking of motor horns rose sharply over the cacophony of crickets and bullfrogs. Bright headlights flashed along narrow country roads. The big tent lay lonely and dark down by the railroad tracks, empty of audience and glamour. Tired actors tumbled into corn husk beds. Rehearsals begin early in the morning, and acting in a repertory company in the somnolent villages of the distant provinces is no bed of roses.

IN THE far-flung rural states of this republic, in the peaceful farming villages of the Catskills, in the hinterlands of Ohio and Illinois, of winter-mild Georgia and the Carolinas, a school of native drama, strikingly similar in many respects to the exhibits of the Hoboken renaissance, is today being patronized and fostered in all sobriety. When in Hoboken, in Greenwich Village and on the Bowery, during these last few years, the "ten-twenty-thirty" melodrama of the naïve nineteenth century was resurrected from the dramatic bone-yard, it was hailed as Americana, as an edifying exhibition of the artificial elegances and Sunday School morality of an earlier generation. Such presentations as *After Dark*, as *Fashion*, as *Under the Gas Light*, undeniably had significance for students of our changing manners and morals, as well as amusement value for the sophisticated and ill-mannered theatre goers of this present generation.

Sentimental and moralistic melodrama, a synthesis of sob-stuff and slapstick, held together by a deep-dyed villain, a trusting innocent maiden, and an upright but slightly obtuse hero, telling their tale in high-flown language and exaggerated gesture, did not die with the nineteenth century. It lives today and travels on its own momentum, plays under canvas tents, in many places, to audiences that never heard of Hoboken, and would not understand the comparison. It has been refurbished

with the idiom and the patter of 1930, and it prattles of "Psychology," "Complexes" and "Personal Magnetism," but none the less closely follows the pattern and purpose of the popular melodrama of the last century.

The traveling repertory company of the rural districts is a modern phenomenon meriting serious consideration, both as entertainment and Americana. One week stands at the village "Opry House" are by no means novelties in this country. They antedate the movies. The tent drama is, however, the legitimate progeny of the straggling company which came for a week each year to play *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *East Lynne*, and which was, two decades ago, the only professional theatrical entertainment the village afforded its citizenry. With the advance of civilization came the weekly, and eventually bi-weekly movies and nightly picture shows when the summer boarder trade was at its height. Every Main Street today has its "talkie" theatre, and the films are, as a rule, not more than six months behind Broadway. The "Opry House" being thus occupied with the clamor of the Hollywood studios, when the living drama comes to town, it must bring its own theatre and stage.

THE farm lands of the middle west claim the nativity of the tent drama, but the East and South now know and look forward to the annual visits of these troopers of the macadam road. Headed by hardened and hard-boiled veterans, running largely to married couples, they travel by truck from town to town, setting up the theatre in a new village each Monday, taking the tent down again on Saturday night. Jumps are shorter than they were in the old days, when the company had to travel by train: twenty-five to forty miles is an average distance.

Posters have been placed a week before and reading notices inserted in the *Weekly Gazette* or *County Review*. The ballyhoo is, however, feeble, out of necessary economy, because the takings of the road companies that tour the hinterlands are slim, and expenses these days are high. These companies must perforce rely to a large extent on the interest that emanates to a considerable extent from a populace held down to the monotony of daily milking, feeding the chickens and pigs; weeding the vege-

table patch and listening to Amos 'n' Andy.

Touring the farm belts, which in summer are resort districts, the tent theatre nevertheless does not look forward to, or even desire at all, the patronage of the city fellow on vacation. He is apt to have a mean and noisy snicker and to have learned his manners in Hoboken. These actors take themselves and their mission seriously, and to them the praise of the village preacher is of infinitely more importance than the presence of a large and disconcerting delegation from the Lakewood Inn. They are not unaware that their acting is indifferent, that their costumes bear the frayed edges and shine of age, that their stage is small and their facilities so limited that they cannot hope to change scenery or devise elaborate settings. But they realize that their audience, despite the gratuitous instruction of the cinema, knows no better. Dramatic critics never disturb them, but many a rural preacher and editor has commended the lofty moral tone of their performances and given impetus to the box office.

Actors, too shop-worn for Broadway or even for the stock theatres of the smaller cities, or glad because of youth and inexperience to take any sort of job on any kind of stage, serve as roustabouts when the company's truck rolls into town. On the circus lot next to the railroad station they help to pitch a tent, to set up a diminutive stage, unfold rows of canvas and wooden benches, unload and put into position the single set which serves with slight rearrangement of chairs and draperies for every scene of every play (chintz hangings denote a simple country cottage and scarlet drapes a den of iniquity in the wicked city). The management dickers with local furniture dealers for the loan of a golden oak dining table and wicker chairs in return for advertising from the rostrum.

Every effort is made to recreate the

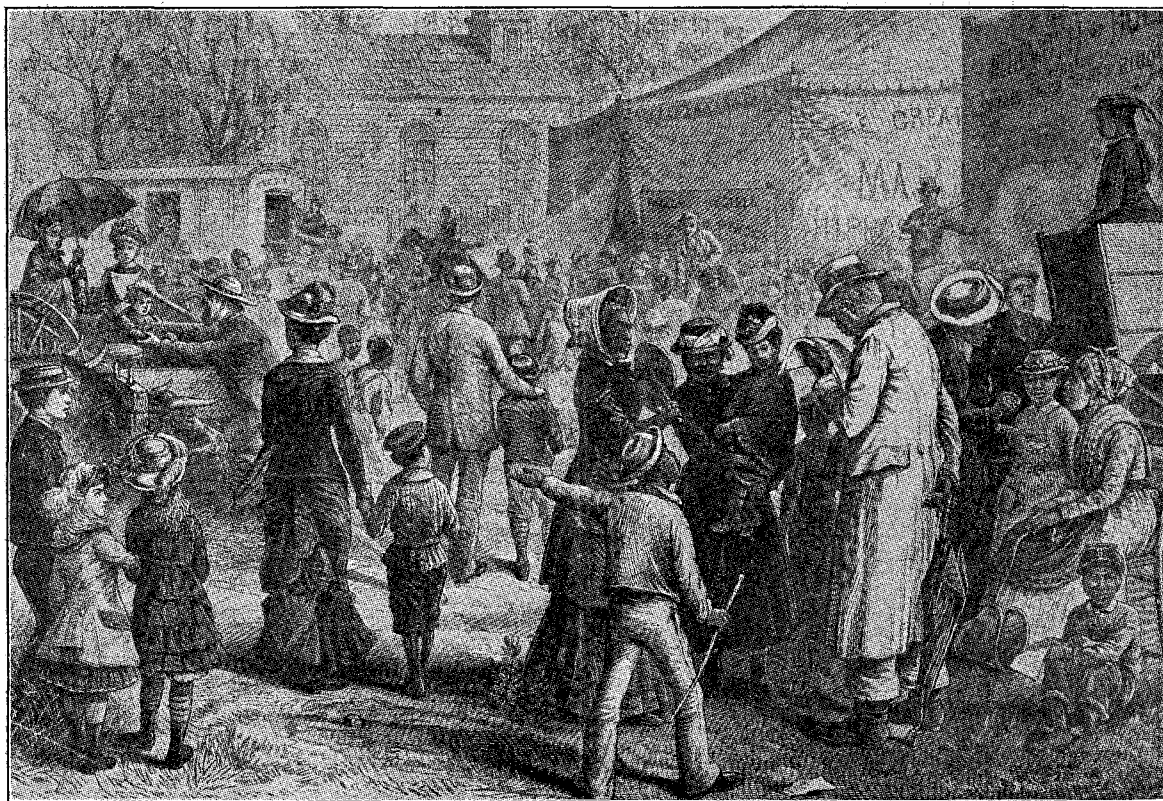
atmosphere in which this audience feels most at home—the atmosphere of the carnival and the county fair. Here is the familiar scent of trampled grass, sweet and cooling after a long day in the hot sun, the informality and the uncomfortable benches of the circus tent. The lights are bright but not garish, and a pleasant bluish haze drifts sky-ward from corn-cob pipes and cigarettes.

The tent is neat and bright, its tan walls relieved with stripings of red, its curtain red, its tiny stage like that of a marionette show. Admission is forty cents for an adult, twenty-five cents for a child and ten cents extra for a reserved seat. Nearly every one buys a reserved seat. The show comes only once a year, and why not be a sport? There are no programs, and often the audience never learns the title of the play it has seen. This is just as well, for the play and its name have usually little in common.

Between the acts, the carnival proper comes on—the drawing of prize packages—which is no less enthralling to these audiences than the show itself. The handsome hero, the heavy villain, the juvenile comedian, wearing make-up and stage attire, pass among the audience selling packages of chewing candy. Every fifth package, they aver, contains a coupon, in addition to a handful of chewing candy. Every coupon gets a

prize. The prize may be a hip flask, a hairnet, a pair of cotton bloomers, a bottle of ten cent store perfume, a blanket or even an end table. The farmer who cannot even sign his name usually wins a pen or pencil; a small boy walks home with a lipstick, a prim matron with a metal cigar holder. But it's something for nothing—or next to nothing, and the candy keeps one's jaws busy while the performance is on.

TEN persons usually comprise the company's personnel. Considering that the average takings of a single week are about five hundred dollars, including candy sales and the special concert after the big show, this means little more than food and a roof for the ill-assorted cast. But these are hard times on Broadway, and there is no dearth of men and women, with and without experience, who will gladly troup the hinterlands, play a different part each night, sell the tickets and candy, do vaudeville turns and shift scenery in return for three squares a day and cigarette money. All the men double and even triple. The ticket seller hammers the diminutive piano between the acts and plays the absent-minded professor or the misunderstood father as well. The blonde hero sings "I make wild women tame," shakes his heels while the actresses are changing gowns, and sells



Going to the show.—in an earlier era.

prize packages in his swallow tail coat. The performance is continuous. A play must of necessity pause, to give the cast a chance to change its clothes and clear its throat, but there must be no let-down for the audience. An act of magic, a dance bordering on the rough, done in scanty shorts and décolleté, a song remotely suggestive, fills the intervals, so that there may be no whistling, no mandatory clappings of hands or champing of heavy shoes. The vaudeville show is often, however, superior to the dramatic performance.

The company plays to lean farmers, unshaven, often unwashed, who come clad in working overalls, collarless, who slump in their seats, worn out by all day's haying in the hot sun, who are childishly eager to be amused, to plump farmers' wives in housedresses and aprons, to young couples who have come twenty miles in the Ford over rough dirt roads, carrying the baby in their arms, bringing the two and four-year-olds to sit sleepily alongside until nearly midnight, to the village undertaker, and the choir singers, to the garage mechanic and his son and daughter. Their audience is talkative, lively, and it has the wistfulness of people who work hard and have little recreation. It is, with the exceptions of the very young and the very old, well-mannered and attentive.

Small boys fill the front rows of the reserved seats and the unreserved section at the back. Outside in the tall

grass crouch the youngsters who couldn't beg or borrow a quarter, who can hear the show even if they can't see it.

THE play itself deserves more than passing attention for it is in the drama that one finds revealing expression of what passes as folk mind in this day. Limited by the size of the stage and the shortage of cash, all plays must be such as require no elaborate sets or frequent changes of scenery. The result is tailor-made drama (or at least village-dressmaker-made drama), cut to the size of the stage and the measure of the mind and emotions of the naïve American of our day.

Sex is the chief stock in trade of the theatre of the open spaces. The sexy title is its lure. It ventures to hint of sophistication, to suggest a liberal moral code—but in its offerings virtue invariably triumphs and wicked little girls who go to roadhouses always get punished. It serves an audience which knows its Hollywood, which goes to the movies on Saturday night and to church on Sunday, and it strives to mix into a palatable dish the red hot sex stuff on which the movie audiences have learned to thrive and the thin gruel of Sunday School morality.

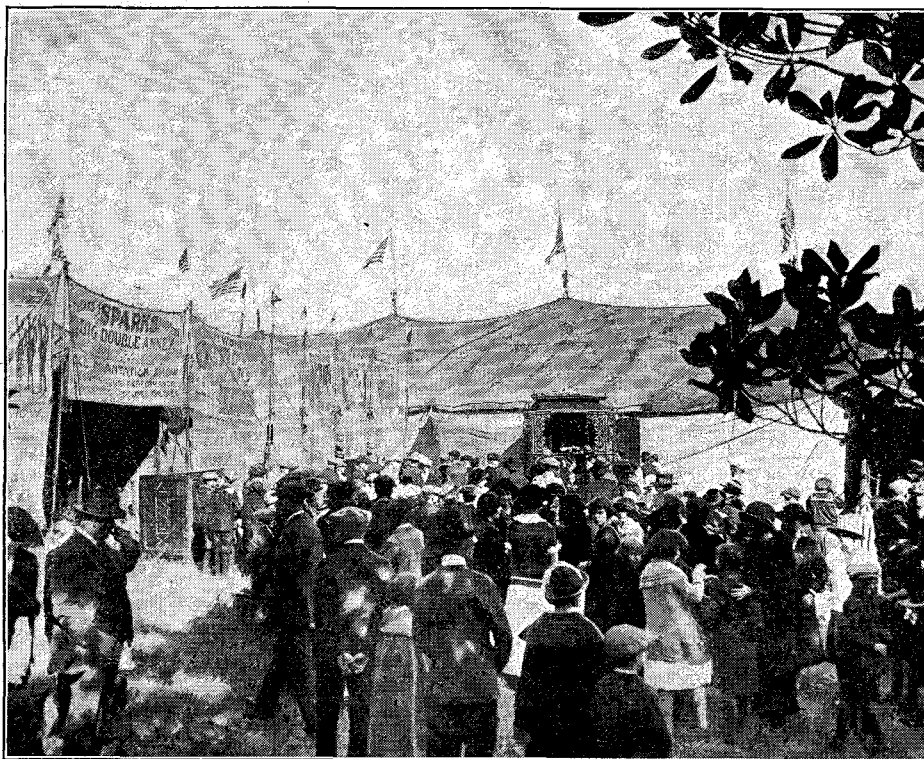
On this continent there are few places still uncontaminated by the radio, the movie and the cheap magazine. In present day America there are indeed few virginal minds even though there may

be no shortage of simple ones. The sex magazine fills the long winter evenings on the farm; the sex movie waits for the farmer's family when they drive in to town. Our national pre-occupation today is sex, just as our only important source of conversation is prohibition. This strong undercurrent of interest is decked out with superficial elegance and pretenses of culture. The radio, the tabloid and the cheap magazine have made household words of the terminology of psycho-analysis. Even the rural man knows what it means to have a complex.

All this is by way of outline of the formula which has gone into the making of the hash that is the native drama of the rural tent shows. Prosperity depends upon giving the people of the hinterlands what they are interested in; the play must be neither above their heads nor below their level. The guffaws and nodded approval of a wholly responsive audience, indicates that the drama meets the standards and taste of the rural American. Although the sex theme is invariably uppermost, a moral must never be absent, and a preachment on prohibition goes well.

The perennial lament of the innocent maiden and the gay deceiver is served again and again in modern dress. The city slicker is, however, no longer a traveling salesman. He comes to the simple cottage where the unsophisticated maiden is celebrating her seventeenth birthday in a brand new hair ribbon and gingham rompers, because he is a wild unstable youth, and his father has sent him to the country so that his old school friend, the butterfly-collecting professor, may subject him, inappropriately, to psycho-analysis. But the professor being otherwise occupied, the youth releases the maiden's inhibitions and takes her away to the wicked city to learn about life. She lives there in sin with him for three years, never realizing until it is nearly too late that she has lost her virtue and gained no husband. She is pure, for her heart is pure, and then again, she is about to become a mother, which fully redeems her in the eyes of an audience which otherwise might have frowned on sin in scarlet draperies and purple satin gown. He, there is no doubt, is still a cad and a weakling because his better nature has not yet been appealed to. Once shown a baby's little shirt and bootee, there is no doubt that he will make an honest woman of her. If that's a bit too strong for the choir singers and the deacon of the

(Please Turn to Page 157)



Ewing Galloway

The East and South look forward to the annual visit of the tent drama

►► The Lord's College ◄◄

By DON WHARTON

FIVE years have passed since the little town of Dayton, Tennessee, emerging from its toreadoric attempts to hamstring the infidels of evolution, proclaimed that it would build a university to enthrone fundamentalism upon a godless world. Bryan Memorial University, they called their dream, remembering the splendid Commoner who had come to them in their travail and then died on that sultry July Sunday of 1925, in the plain white cottage of the Rodgers, on lower Market Street.

William Jennings Bryan—his name meant as much then to the Rhea County folk as it had twenty-nine years before to those who worshipped him as the Boy Orator of the Platte—had suggested that they build a preparatory school for boys. He had pledged \$50,000 for that purpose. On the Friday before he passed to his reward the Commoner had walked to the edge of "The City God Made" and rammed his cane into the hillside where the school was to rise. A school for boys, he said it must be; a school for boys who will read the Bible of our fathers; a school for boys who will wear uniforms of blue and grey, suggesting the reunion of the sections.

But Dayton dreamed of a university. The word had a magic charm to those Daytonians, people so often charmed by words. They dreamed of a university and they scorned the idea of a junior college and the very suggestion of a preparatory school. They thought little or nothing of uniting the sections. They liked the Yankee's gold but cared nothing for his blue. They had one obsession—a practical one—that through fundamentalism they would enrich their village.

Through that obsession they had staged the trial of the century. Bryan and Clarence Darrow had proved worthy heavyweights. Day by day their courtroom verbiages made better copy for the newspapers than had the most glorified poundings of champion on challenger and challenger on champion. But Darrow had returned to Chicago and Bryan had gone to heaven and Professor John Scopes had paid his fine for teaching that man once threw cocoanuts. The battle smoke was rolling away and through the vistas those hard-fisted people of Dayton could get a glimpse of the oblivion which had been the reward of desert towns where pugilistic princes

gathered and fought and went their way. The people of Dayton did not want to live in another Shelby, Montana, with the travelers speeding by, pointing through the trees, saying, "Years ago in that town. . ."

So DAYTON dreamed of a university. Out of the clouds they fashioned it, a child of fundamentalism but a giant in those prenatal days with a projected \$5,000,000 endowment and an equally visionary \$1,000,000 building fund. The money was to come from the four corners of the earth, but the stone was to be dug from the hills of Rhea County and the doctrine from the Bible. Immense buildings were to rise upon the green knolls, their magnificent towers pointing to Jehovah, their foundations resting upon "the conviction that the Bible is indeed the Word of God and no demonstration of science, true or falsely so-called, in the slightest degree discredits this fact."

The leaves began to fall and the cold winds came down from the Appalachians. Then came spring and another summer, and it was November 6, 1926. Jerusalem in the sprightliest days of King Solomon never entered upon a grander day than did Dayton when it shoveled the first dirt and laid the fine cornerstone of Bryan Memorial University. The townspeople had seen other great days, had heard longer speeches and had grown accustomed to newspapermen. But trial openings had meant trial closings; here they were starting a university which would run on forever. A veritable mint it was to be, turning fundamentalism into the brightest gold, increasing in production with each matriculation, bringing unending fame to the town and prosperity to every man, woman and child, white, black or mulatto, in rocky old Rhea.

They put on their best Sunday clothes that morning and went out to hear the ruddy-faced governor "make a speech." Governor Austin Peay had signed the state's Anti-evolution Bill. Now Governor Peay was, like Joshua, leading his people into the promised land, happy as he turned the first dirt, his face glowing as he daubed a little cement on the stone, his eyes brightening as he heard the cheers. Only three days before Governor Peay (he was, of course, a

Democrat) had been re-elected for a third term. But politics were forgotten as he started his speech. Walter White, the Republican candidate for the governorship, was standing nearby and so was Benjamin Gordon McKenzie, an aide of Bryan in the trial and a melowered, fictional southern gentleman whom every one called general. Sue K. Hicks, another Bryan associate, was there and so was John Randolph Neal in his ill-kept clothes, a cohort of Darrow and a man who had dreamed of taking the gubernatorial nomination from Tennessee's own Peay.

Nor were they all lawyers, for F. E. Robinson stood near the platform. He was the town's druggist and a smile came over his face as he thought back a year and a half to the day when George W. Rappleyea, general manager of the Cumberland Coal and Iron Company, Clay Green, and Walter White had gathered with him in the drug store and concocted the idea of a great trial. There, also, was A. P. Haggard, the town's mayor and financial boss; J. R. Darwin, the little red-headed merchant who spoke, not proudly, of descending from Charles Darwin; and ten thousand other people, the best of the whites and the blacks and the "po' white trash," pale and worn but ready to cheer for God and the Bible.

There was old Wild Bill Walker and his Holy Roller congregation from the very top of Old Bald Mountain. There was the entire black membership of the First Zion Church, headed by Uncle Ben Marlowe, his face shining like a polished, but wrinkled, boot. There were other churchmen and churchwomen, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, jostling with Northern Methodists, Baptists ("Hard-shelled" and "Deep-water") and a few Cumberland Presbyterians who still teach the catechism to their children on Sunday afternoons.

It was to these people that Governor Peay spoke—plain people, simple folks, descendants of pioneers who came across the mountains a century and more ago, fathers and mothers of men like Sergeant Alvin York who captured Germans by the dozens and said little of it. Austin Peay pointed over the trees to the courthouse spire and asked that there be no further conflict between religion and science. He nodded toward the Rodgers cottage and pled for more

"Christian men and women teachers." He prophesied, and there were cheers. This was in the fall of 1926; the blueprints had gone from hand to hand; the reports had been read; the campaign was progressing. Prosperity was in sight and they were a happy people. Theirs was to be a university.

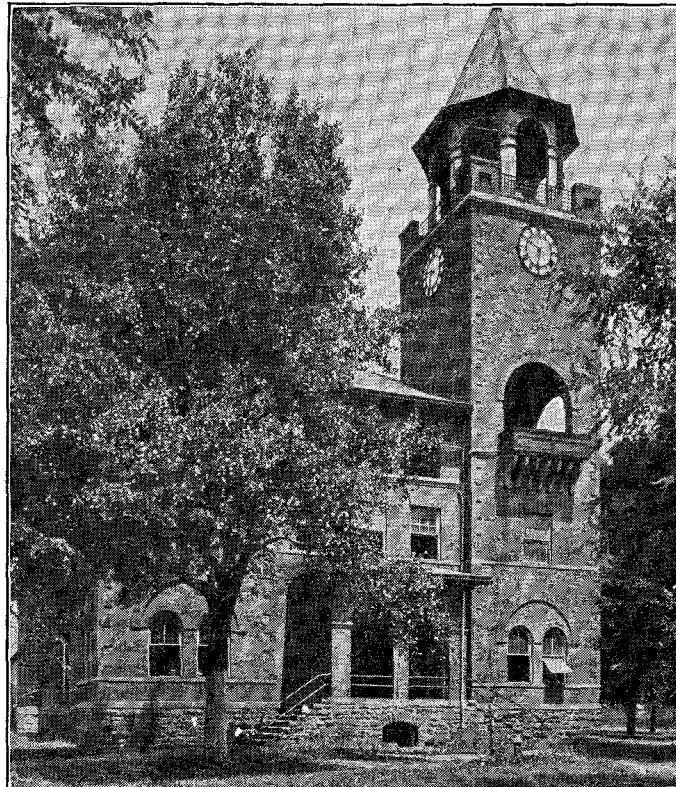
THE institution opened on September 18, under the already revamped name of William Jennings Bryan University. There are no spacious concrete-and-steel buildings, no marble corridors, no busts of Bryan, no library of religion, no modern dormitories for the hordes of youth who were to sweep into Dayton from America's fundamentalist homes. The cornerstone has weathered for nearly four years and a lone story of brick and mortar has been added to the foundations. The other buildings are but blueprinted dreams, visions of a mad summer. The university's first classes will be held in the sombre brick high school where John Thomas Scopes taught biology.

Thus Daytonian fundamentalism girds her loins for a last stand, not upon a splendid acropolis but in a two-story, frame building lent by the county school authorities because they have erected a better one for themselves. Bryan University will open its doors only to freshmen. They plan no graduate school, no law school, no medical school, no engineering school, nor any other department commonly associated with a university. They never expect to grant more than bachelor degrees in arts, science and—modern people that they are—business administration. Their ultimate goal is an undergraduate institution with four hundred students. Their first curriculum shows a total of sixteen subjects, including shorthand and typewriting.

It has dwindled to a university in name alone. In reality, Bryan promises to be but another ecclesiastical college, offering cheap education (tuition \$75 a semester, payable in cash or notes) to the boys and girls in the farmhouses and mountain cottages of Tennessee and the northern sections of Georgia and Alabama. The foothills of the Appalachians will be its most fertile breeding ground.

From these poor youths may pour into Bryan University as they have into Tennessee's seven colleges and nine other educational conglomerations called universities.

BUT come to Bryan as they may or may not, each had better be prepared to meet the admission requirement of presenting "a certificate of good moral character from his principal or other reliable persons, who can and do testify from personal knowledge." Each should prepare solemnly for life at



Underwood

The courthouse in Dayton, where Bryan and Darrow contended

Bryan, a great adventure to these mountain lads for the requirements stipulate:

"No young man who cheats on examinations; is untruthful; or who drinks, bets or gambles is wanted at this institution. Only those should apply for admission who are willing to attend all college exercises faithfully, to respect the regulations of the institution and seriously to engage in the work assigned them."

Even with such a grave warning, Bryan University may expect its quota. With all of Tennessee's strongholds of learning, of which only Vanderbilt, Sewanee (The University of the South) and the University of Tennessee are worth the mention, the state is far behind the nation in the number of students attending college. The United

States averages 700 students in institutions of higher learning for each 100,000 population; Tennessee has about 440. Even considering the Negro population, which tends to lower Tennessee's percentage, the state seems to have room for further expansion in college attendance. But to hope for a national rush to Dayton, even to speak of it, (the promoters do both) is as fantastic as the christening of Bryan seems now after the developments of three years.

With this shrinking, however, has come no whit of change in the philosophy of the school and the determination of the village to carry the campaign for funds into other states. They have collected less than one-sixth of their funds, but their canvassers are still busy with the sowing and reaping in foreign fields. Dayton is the home of the university, but Philadelphia has become the headquarters of the money-gathering Bryan Memorial University Association.

Forty-four of the seventy-nine national committeemen of that body are from fifteen eastern and western states. New York state leads all others save Tennessee in contributions to "the national campaign." Pennsylvanians have donated twice as much as the people of North Carolina. Three staunch families on Long Island have already determined to send their sons to this school whose cornerstone is the Bible, rather than to a

place like Harvard with *Veritas* written upon its every building or to New Haven where infidels are seeking "the light and the truth."

For Bryan University, however, there is no light and no truth save that within the covers of the old family Bible. I asked their campaign director, Malcolm Lockhart, promoter of similar activities for at least three Presbyterian colleges in Georgia and North Carolina, how admittedly unschooled men and women could advance educational theories against those of university professors, research students, and authorities in that field. He fumbled for his pen and across the face of an envelope wrote from the Old Testament:

"David said, 'I know more than all my teachers because I believe Thy

testimony.’”

With this zeal of divine authority they have advanced their institution as “a counter-current against this false philosophy based on the evolutionary theory.” Although the motives of Dayton seem as mercenary as some often attributed to Ananias, the sincerity of the beliefs of these people hardly can be questioned. Mr. Lockhart is a crusader for righteousness. He is the essence of frankness. He cares for no compromise. He admits that he and his followers in Dayton are being called narrow-minded and old-fashioned. He explains his faith; places all his documents on the table, and asks only for accurate quotation.

Whether in recognition of this devoutness or because of his ability at gathering wampum, Mr. Lockhart has been elected vice-president of the university. But the presidency of Bryan has fallen to the Rev. Dr. George E. Guillem, of Athens, Tennessee, who for fifteen years has ranted through the provinces as an “extension Bible teacher for the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.” “Dr. Guillem,” proclaims a prospectus of the college, “will preside over the institution, continuing also his work as a Bible teacher, but as a part of the extension work of the Williams Jennings Bryan University.”

From Mr. Lockhart, however, came the affirmation of faith for all the trustees, officers and teachers of the college, adopted by the association on the last anniversary of Mr. Bryan’s birth. Contrasted with this formula the Apostles’ Creed seems ultra-liberal and the shorter catechism an agnostic pamphlet. The directors dictated that their statement of faith was the platform of the association and the University, and “pledged” to Christians throughout the nation to organize the university on this basis:

1. We believe that the Holy Bible, composed of the Old and New Testaments, is of final and supreme authority in faith

and life, and being inspired by God, is inerrant in the original writings.

2. We believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, this trinity being one God, eternally existing in three persons.

3. We believe in the virgin birth of Jesus Christ; that he was born of the Virgin Mary and begotten of the Holy Spirit.

4. We believe that the origin of man was by fiat of God in the act of creation as related in the Book of Genesis; that he was created in the image of God; that he sinned and thereby incurred physical and spiritual death.

5. We believe that all human beings are born with a sinful nature, and are in need of a Saviour for their reconciliation to God.

6. We believe that the Lord Jesus Christ is the only Saviour, that He was crucified for our sins, according to the Scriptures, as a voluntary representative and substitutionary sacrifice, and that all that believe in Him and confess Him before men are justified on the ground of His shed blood.

7. We believe in the resurrection of the crucified body of Jesus, in His ascension into Heaven, and in “that blessed hope,” the personal return to this earth of Jesus Christ, where He shall reign forever.

8. We believe in the bodily resurrection of all persons, judgment to come, the everlasting blessedness of the saved, and the everlasting punishment of the lost.

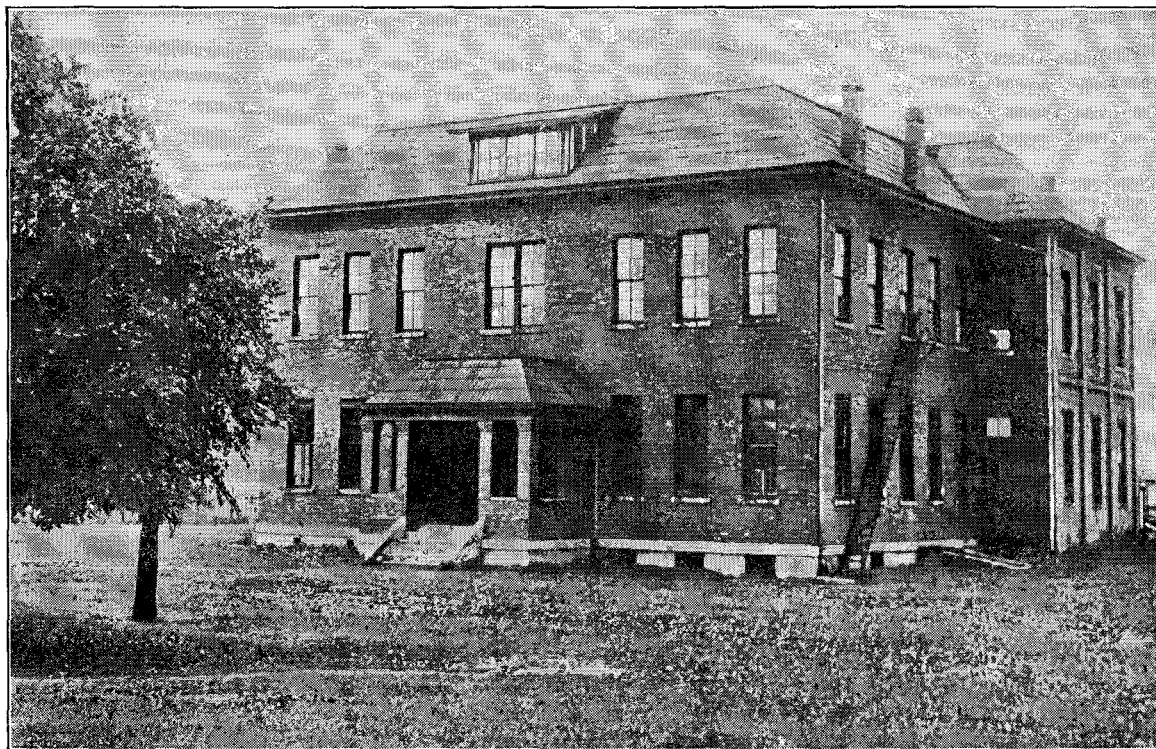
The creed reaches its climax in an appended resolution. That the high

priests of the university might not swear in fundamentalists only to see them wilt into modernists, the resolutions provide that the oath be readministered each year. There are to be no traitors in this school, no men of the Galileo nature, no professors led astray by thought and study. Also, there is to be no appeal from this creed. On July 24, it was written into the institution’s charter, to which was appended an amendment declaring:

Inasmuch as this institution is being builded and subscriptions and donations solicited and received on the basis of the above statement of belief, in justice and equity to those contributing, this platform shall never be changed or amended, but shall constitute the religious position and belief of the institution as long as it shall endure.

With all this ancient theology, however, a bit of modernism has stolen into the publicity activities of Bryan University. Not sufficient for the founders’ purposes are belief in one God, the virgin birth, creation according to Moses, the resurrection, the personal return of Christ, the sinful nature of man, the inerrancy of the Scriptures, the everlasting reward of the righteous and the eternal damnation of the lost. They have thought on these things and found them good, but lacking in one essential of modern controversy. That essential is sex.

(Please Turn to Page 154)



Keystone

The university's first classes will be held in the sombre brick high school where Scopes taught

➤➤ The Trend of Events ◀◀

➤➤ *Roosevelt for Repeal*

THE Outlook's editorial on Governor Roosevelt's stand for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment will be found on Page 141. Here are the high points of the letter to Senator Wagner in which the stand was taken:

"The crux of the matter is that the Eighteenth Amendment has not furthered the cause of a greater temperance in our population, but on the other hand, quoting from language used in a resolution adopted by the American Legion, it has 'fostered excessive drinking of strong intoxicants' and has 'led to corruption and hypocrisy,' has brought about 'disregard for law and order' and has 'flooded the country with untaxed and illicit liquor.'

"I personally share this opinion

"The force and effect of the Eighteenth Amendment can be eliminated, of course, only by a new constitutional amendment

"The fundamental of a new amendment must be the restoration of real control over intoxicants to the several states. The sale of the intoxicants through state agencies should be made lawful in any state of the union where the people of that state desire it, and conversely the people of any state should have the right to prohibit the sale of intoxicants, if they so wish, within its own borders

"There is no doubt that in many states the actual sale of intoxicants would continue to be prohibited, at least by statute, whereas in many other states a reasonable sale of intoxicants through state agencies would, in the opinion of the great majority of citizens of these states, do much to bring about less intoxication, less corruption and bribery and more regard and respect for law and order

"It is therefore clear to me that it must remain not only the right but the duty of the federal government to protect states which continue to prohibit the sale of intoxicants.

"Furthermore, I am positive in saying that there must be some definite assurance that by no possibility, at any time or in any place, can the old saloon come back. Therefore, the control of any sale of any intoxicants should be wholly in the hands of the states or of state agencies.

"Finally, there should be definite recognition of the extension of home rule to the lower subdivisions of government—in other words, a recognition of the right of cities, villages or towns by popular vote to prohibit the sale of intoxicants within their own borders, even though intoxicants may be sold in other parts of the state through state agencies."

➤➤ *Convert*

PUBLICATION OF THE Roosevelt letter marked the conversion of Senator Wheeler. His about-face, probably, had



Underwood

SAVED

Burton K. Wheeler, once unrepentant dry, converted to wet cause

many causes. Though once an ardent dry, lately he had seemed to be wobbling. Little by little he had been changing his mind, because, he says, while he voted for prohibition to uproot the saloon, he now feels that there are more bad liquor joints than ever, that the bootlegger has more political influence than the old barkeep ever had, and that recent administrations have utterly failed to stamp out prohibition's evils. Another reason, which he does not mention, may be that his state, Montana, and particularly Montana's Democrats, are now unquestionably wet and apt to treat dries brusquely. As Senator Wheeler knows, the dry Senator Walsh of Montana, up for re-election and opposed by a wet Republican, is facing the hottest fight of his life. Reason enough right here for

Senator Wheeler to think things over. Especially when Governor Roosevelt, whose presidential candidacy Senator Wheeler had already endorsed, came out forthrightly for repeal.

But, explanations aside, the fact remains: Senator Wheeler, once a dry, is now a wet; anti-prohibitionists have gained another vote in the Senate. The fact that they have gained it without conducting a fight, spending a dollar or marking a ballot is pleasant to contemplate. Senator Wheeler's switch indicates what will happen as the wet movement moves on. It will not be necessary to eject every dry in Congress. Many are less dry than timid. They will be wets when they feel that they can be wets without fear of defeat at the polls.

➤➤ *Two Wets and a Dry*

IS IT A CASE OF POETIC JUSTICE? Some time ago, speaking before a conference of state governors, Governor Roosevelt quoted a letter on prohibition which he had received from George W. Wickersham. Some said it was a confidential letter and that the Governor unintentionally erred in giving it out.

Late last week, former-Governor Brough of Arkansas, speaking before his state's Democratic convention, quoted Governor Roosevelt as saying to him: "My hat may be in the ring. I am having trouble with Tammany over appointive matters. I assure you as Governor of New York that, if I cannot obtain the nomination [for President], there is no man I had rather support than Senator Robinson." Mr. Brough also declared that Chief Justice Dennis of Maryland had quoted Governor Ritchie of that state as saying: "If I cannot be nominated, my strength will go to Senator Robinson."

Mr. Roosevelt has authorized the reply that Mr. Brough is inaccurate; that the only part of his statement "which is in any way true is the fact that Governor Roosevelt did express himself as having a very warm regard for Senator Robinson." Chief Justice Dennis, in turn, calls Mr. Brough's reference to him an "absurd untruth." Mr. Brough, however, responds that he "gained the impression from his [Governor Roosevelt's] conversation that if he could not be nominated he would regard Senator Robinson with favor." He also names

the place, date and hearers of the statement he attributes to Chief Justice Dennis.

Whether or not Mr. Brough violated a confidence, whether or not he heard what he says he did, it is certain that Governors Roosevelt and Ritchie really are candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination—as why shouldn't they be—it is probable that the former is having trouble with Tammany, and it is possible that, if the big prize eluded them, they would support Robinson. The steady development of Senator Robinson as a possible presidential candidate has excited much comment. His nomination might even be likely were it not for his dryness. With all the zeal of a convert, Senator Wheeler declares that the next Democratic national convention will nominate an opponent of nationwide prohibition. Nor is the Senator alone. The Democratic party is now enthusiastically wet in most of the east and much of the west. Shrewd politicians are asking how, then, the Democratic national convention of 1932 can fail to write a wet plank and select a wet candidate.

►►International Polo

THOUSANDS OF AMERICANS learned a new vocabulary as the United States polo team defeated the English challengers in the international series at Meadow Brook. About 45,000 saw Captain Tommy Hitchcock's charging four win the first game from the English, ten goals to five. Another 45,000 were back four days later when the American horsemen retained the international cup with a 14-9 score, rallying after the Englishmen had secured a 7-6 lead in the first five chukkers.

The 90,000 comprised a record attendance for the series, which began with the donation of the Westchester Cup in 1886 and has since produced seven American and three English victories. Some of the 90,000, the plutocrats, went to Meadow Brook in sleek autos, yachts or airplanes. They ate a buffet lunch at the clubhouse. They sat in boxes. They talked nonchalantly about ponies, about how the English mounts were out-weighed and out-distanced, about the approaching yacht race and Sir Thomas Lipton's chances, about the National Tennis championship over at Forest Hills. To them the spectacle at Meadow Brook was simply another pleasant engagement.

But most of the 90,000 went to the

Pennsylvania Station in New York, crowded into the prosaic Long Island Railroad specials, scrambled at Meadow Brook for two and three dollar bleacher seats, and were thrilled to cheers by the pounding hoofs, the swishing mallets, the stunning collisions. They liked the slim Irishman, Captain Pat Roark; the grey-haired Lewis Lacey, riding hard, probably in his last game; the power and dash of the Americans. They liked Winston Guest who, thrown and stunned, remounted for brilliant backshots; Earle Hopping, crossing, passing and driving deep; Eric Pedley, the Californian, scoring nine goals in the last game.

Especially did they like Captain Tommy Hitchcock, the young field marshal who has given polo the fierce ruggedness of American football. Hitchcock has played the English through three cup matches without losing a game. He is by way of becoming an idol comparable to Dempsey and Babe Ruth. It was he, more than any one else, who brought the 90,000 to the polo stands. Many wonder how many others will come, whether, despite its cost, polo will some day become the sport of millions rather than millionaires.

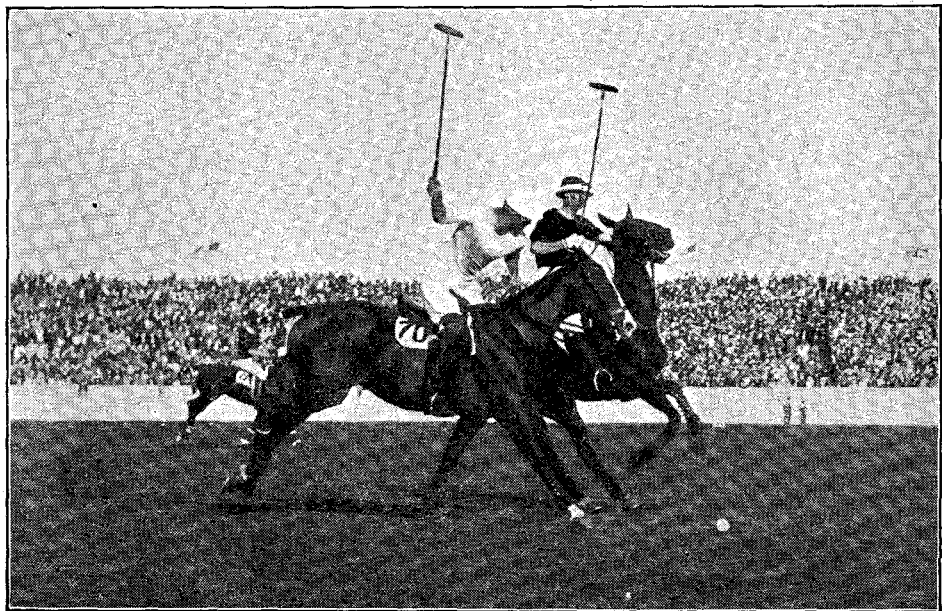
►►The Briand Plan

FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER BRIAND laid the cornerstone of a federation of European nations in Geneva last September. On May 17, 1930, he sent a definite plan for a federation to all the European nations except Russia. He

then analyzed their reaction to it and, early this month, carried his conclusions to Geneva, where the League Council met on September 8, the Assembly two days later.

There, all things considered, his plan was frigidly received. M. Briand was, of course, complimented generously on his zeal for peace, progress and prosperity. Some one has said that the Briand plan was buried under flowers. But it was Britain which dominated the meeting of representatives of the twenty-seven European nations who convened to consider the plan. Foreign Minister Henderson, who insists that the plan is still a mere idea, won his point that it should be submitted for the approval of the Assembly. It is not yet clear whether it will be studied by a standing League committee, a special League committee or by no committee at all.

The hurdles before the plan are high. There is the hurdle of such nations as Germany and Italy, dissatisfied with their standing as a result of the War, insistent that federation be preceded by radical revision of the peace treaties to their own advantage, and suspicious of the Briand plan as a scheme to preserve the status quo for countries which, like France, are fat and content. Another hurdle is the almost blunt opposition of Britain, which has long sought to keep other European nations apart and wield the balance of power on the Continent, which, diplomatically speaking, now looks toward America rather than toward Europe and fears that the Briand plan might merely produce an-



Underwood

ACTION AT MEADOW BROOK

Eric Pedley of the United States team (in white) and Lewis Lacey of England

other great federation to rival the British Empire, the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and the United States.

A third hurdle is the sharp difference between the French and British peace policies expressed by M. Briand and Mr. Henderson in their recent speeches before the Assembly. The French policy is security first, with the federation an aid to security; then disarmament. The British policy is that disarmament will lead to security. "Security is impossible if competitive military preparations continue as they are going on today," said Mr. Henderson. Britain, he intimated, would not join the proposed federation until Italy and France follow the lead of Britain, Japan and America by limiting their armaments. And, he might well have added, probably not even then. Britain has little love for the Briand plan. Other European nations like it better, particularly on the economic side, but their approval is cooled by their sense of nationalistic self-interest.

►► Good-Will Tour

SWIM THE CHANNEL and you get a vaudeville tour; fly the Atlantic and you get a good-will tour. But the United States can stand it if Coste and Bellonte can. Many Americans undoubtedly will enjoy seeing the two personable and adventurous French flyers, one of whom is so romantically named Dieudonné (God-given). What actual good will can result from the Question Mark's twenty-five days of barnstorming is another matter.

The tour was conceived as a means

of promoting more favorable relations between the United States and France. Possibly it will increase American good will toward the fliers' homeland. Perhaps, after Coste and Bellonte have lunched in Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Phoenix and so on, school children in those cities will turn with renewed vigor to *j'aime, tu aimes, il aime*. Returned travelers may thumb nostalgically through their copies of *A Guide to the Louvre* and recall that charming little out-of-the-way restaurant in Paris where you could get a whole dinner, with wine included, for—let's see, the franc was five that year—only about fifteen cents, can you imagine it? Two potential poets, musicians, or artists may yearn for the Dôme and the Rotonde and the departed shades of Musesette and Mimi, where only one yearned before.

But when it comes to promoting French good will toward America, the two aviators may run into a fog. Back in some one's mind, probably a government official's since the Treasury and Commerce Departments are backing the tour, is a hunch that France will think more of the United States after Coste and Bellonte have circled one hundred cities, been received by fifty cities and flown over thirty-nine states, touching as many state capitals as possible and distributing felicitations wherever they go.

Perhaps it will work. We had assumed that the high tariff passed by Congress was in some way responsible for French distaste for America. Perhaps we erred, along with the thousand

economists who asked Mr. Hoover not to sign the tariff bill and American newspapers which published accounts of protest meetings among the French themselves. Perhaps all will be solved by a hundred more speeches, fifty more dinners and several more tons of ticker tape. Perhaps. Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps.

►► Error

THE TROUBLE WITH US is the window. We're apt to look out of it. When we do, we see things that distract our mind—pretty girls going to lunch in drug stores, which makes us wish they wouldn't; fire engines going to fires, which makes us wish they'd go faster, and so on.

Realizing our weakness, we keep the shade drawn, or at least we did until August heat made us not only raise the shade but open the window. Figure out what that did to our concentration and hence to our accuracy. It was that, so help us, which, in our issue of August 27, made us say, though we knew better: "In Ohio, a Democratic dry and a Republican wet were chosen for the Governorship and the Senate."

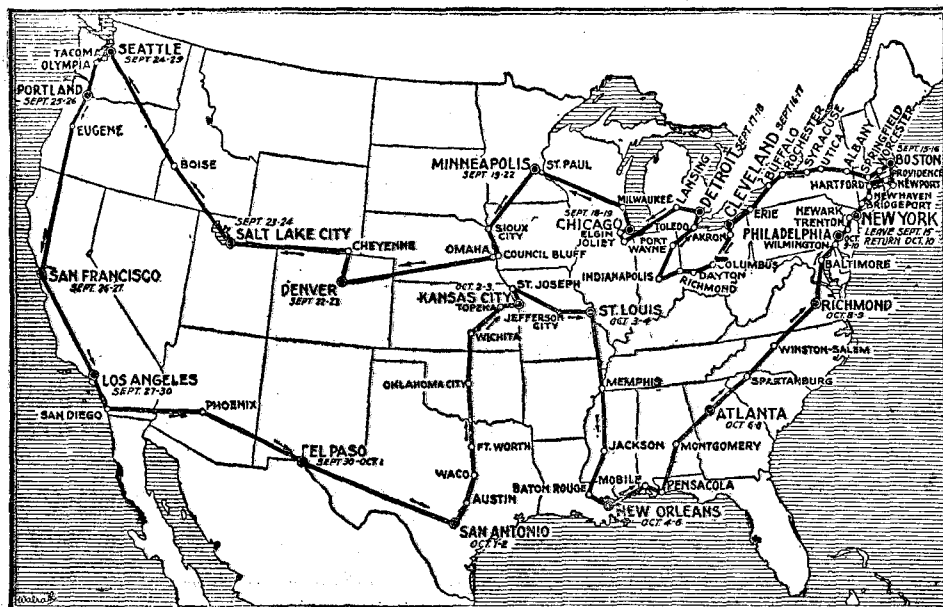
All wrong. The Republican nominee for Senator, Roscoe McCulloch, is a dry—"dry as a covered bridge," says one of our readers. The Republican nominee for Governor, Myers Y. Cooper, is a dry also. So too is the Democratic nominee for Governor, George W. White. But the Democratic nominee for Senator, Robert J. Bulkley, is a wet, who advocates repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

To the hawk-eyed readers—some were quite kind—who pounced on our error, many thanks. We are having the window bricked up.

►► Inside Story

"TREASURY OFFICIALS who have been in charge of prohibition and still are in charge of kindred activities . . . are not sincere in prohibition enforcement." With this strong statement Major Maurice Campbell began the series of newspaper articles describing his experiences as prohibition administrator at New York City.

What is true in New York, he says, is true elsewhere. Prohibition enforcement is honeycombed with political insincerity, trickery and corruption, radiating from Washington to every last state, city and town. Quite as important as



Courtesy N. Y. Times

GRAND TOUR

Route now being followed by Coste and Bellonte on their good-will trip

any actual bribery, he declares, is the use of prohibition as a political grab bag. "The political game is to try to buy campaign contributions and political favors with bootleg concessions." Machine politicians also subject prohibition administrators to continual pressure to keep unsavory or incompetent officials on their staffs.

Major Campbell declares that he had decided to resign in 1928, but was persuaded to remain because of the damage the news would inflict on Republican chances in New York. He also declares that Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman—now in charge of industrial alcohol permits—ordered him to loosen up on his brewery supervision in 1928. He quotes Mr. Lowman as saying: "This is a presidential election year. We must not do anything to antagonize the voters, and they are complaining in New York that they can't get beer."

The personal influence of Vice-President Curtis, says Major Campbell, "exerted in Washington, caused me to issue an alcohol permit against my better judgment to a concern which my agents not long thereafter caught in illegal diversion of alcohol. The Vice-President's campaign managers in New York, backed by his influence in Washington, made my life miserable with pressure to issue alcohol permits to companies which in my view were dubious." When Mr. Campbell's men made arrests, he says, "their cases frequently ran into almost complete nullification of criminal prosecution, as well as gross political favoritism, in the office of the United States Attorney, Charles H. Tuttle."

Major Campbell supports his charges with a wealth of detail. Yet, while it is a good newspaper story, it is somehow not first-rate. Probably because it lacks the element of surprise. In broad sweep, if not in particular parts, some of which have been denied, it is just what every well-informed person knew was going on and what will inevitably go on until the prohibition farce is over. The dry law, says Major Campbell, "has subsidized crime and linked it indissolubly with politics. It contaminates everything it touches. And the situation never will be cleaned up except by repeal."

►► "As Goes Maine"

THE DUTCH have taken Holland. The Republicans have taken Maine. The politicians have taken counsel and interpreted the election figures in statements which are inferior in quality

even for late summer reading.

State of September elections, Maine has long been regarded as—though it isn't—a trustworthy political barometer. "As goes Maine, so goes the nation." This year the overwhelmingly Republican state went Republican with the customary whoop, electing four Republican Congressmen, a Republican Senator (Wallace H. White) and a Republican Governor (William Tudor Gardiner). Republicans profess delight over these victories which every one knew they would win. The outcome in Maine, says Chairman Fess of the Republican National Committee, "is most satisfactory to the Republican party, just as it is most surprising and disap-



Wide World

HUEY

Governor Long of Louisiana, who will actually become a U. S. Senator

pointing to the Democratic party." To him it indicates that the American people will not warm up to Democratic arguments on the tariff, business depression and unemployment. But business in Maine is not as depressed as in some other states, nor is the tariff as injurious.

As for the Democratic spokesmen, they insist that the result in Maine doesn't mean anything, which in truth it doesn't. They add that, so far as it means anything, it is encouraging to the Democrats, which statement doesn't mean anything either. True, in this year's contest for Governor the Republican majority, 17,000, is smaller than the 20,000 Republican majority in the non-presidential year 1926. True, in this year's race for Senator the Republican majority, 31,000, is smaller than the 48,000 Republican majority in the

1926 special election. But the Republican majority this year probably would have been bigger had the party leaders felt any need of it. To get out the vote in Maine means to get out the Republican vote. Thus Hoover won 180,000 Maine votes in 1928 as opposed to Smith's 81,000, while Coolidge won 138,000 in 1924 as opposed to Davis' 42,000.

According to Claude E. Robinson of Columbia University, who recently completed a careful study of the facts, "Tests of the Maine barometer covering the period from 1874 to 1926 show that in off-year congressional elections there is very little relationship between Republican strength registered at the Maine ballot box in September and the ability of the Republican party to gather votes throughout the nation in November." Even had there been a startling upset in the Maine election, therefore, there might have been no great lesson in it for the nation at large.

►► On September 9th

THE RESULTS of the primaries and elections of September 9 may be classified as follows:

Extraordinary: New Hampshire Democrats nominated one man for two offices. For both Governorship and Senatorship they named Albert W. Noone, eighty-four-year-old manufacturer of Peterboro, who declares: "I want to go to the United States Senate because I am dripping wet."

Fortunate: South Carolina Democrats refused to renominate Senator-clown Coleman Livingston Blease, whose seat will be better filled by James F. Byrnes, who served seven terms in the House competently, modestly and progressively. Detroit elected Frank Murphy mayor in a non-partisan election which completed the recall of unsuitable Charles Bowles. Republicans of Michigan's Sixth and Seventh Congressional Districts nominated two wets, Seymour H. Person and Jesse P. Wolcott, over two Anti-Saloon League darlings, Representatives Grant M. Hudson and Louis C. Cramton. Michigan Republicans also renominated Senator Couzens, who favors the manufacture of beer, over former-Governor Osborn, a dry. Out west, Colorado Republicans gave their senatorial nomination to George H. Shaw, a wet, who was opposed by William V. Hodges, candidate of the Anti-Saloon League, while the Democrats gave theirs to Edward P. Costigan, who

was more than a rubber stamp as a member of the Federal Tariff Commission. Beyond the Rockies, the Republicans of Washington's first district nominated Ralph A. Horr, wet, over Representative John F. Miller, dry, showing that not for nothing did Washington Republicans insert a wet plank in their party platform a few months ago. . . . Altogether, September 9 was a rainy day for prohibitionists.

Unfortunate, Very: Louisiana Democrats chose Governor Huey P. Long in the senatorial primary—equivalent to the election—in preference to Senator Ransdell, a reactionary but not, like Huey, a mere buffoon and demagogue. . . . What shall it profit a Senate if it lose a Coley Blease and gain a Huey Long?

►► Relic

WITH OLD NEW YORK landmarks steadily vanishing, it is pleasant to know that the Metropolitan Opera House will remain where it is—at least for a while. Rumors have repeatedly threatened the well-loved brick structure on Broadway between Thirty-Ninth and Fortieth Streets. Devotees straggling from the incommodious iron-work elevators or down the endless flights of stairs after the last performance of the season have asked one another if it might not be the last time they would sit among the familiar red plush hangings and gilded plaster of Victoria's day or crane their necks to see around the obstinate pillars.

First it was John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, plan to build an opera center in upper Fifth Avenue. This was abandoned, last spring, when plans for a radio center on the proposed opera site were made public. But there was still Otto Kahn. Mr. Kahn had assembled a site several years ago in West Fifty-Seventh Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. He had had plans drawn by Joseph Urban and had offered to build an opera house and deliver it to the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company at cost. Now, with the announcement that the Kahn property has been sold and will be used for apartment buildings, the old Metropolitan again seems safe.

It is thought that Mr. Kahn's scheme was defeated by the older generation of parterre box holders, led by Robert W. Goelet and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. No one is sure just why. Perhaps these diamond horseshoers like their opera house as it is. Perhaps they disapproved of the proposed new locations. Perhaps they considered Mr. Kahn's scheme a trifle high-handed. At any rate, while theatres and smart shops move uptown, straining to keep pace with the new demand for luxury and modern decoration, the Metropolitan stays behind. Opera-goers will shiver in draughty corridors or gasp for breath under overhanging balconies, according to the season of the year. They will sit, patiently, though not too comfortably, against unflattering red plush beneath unsubdued lights and be content, often,

to see only half the stage. New York society, for once, has chosen to be unfashionable.

►► German Election

FASCISTS AND COMMUNISTS alike triumphed in the German election, gaining millions of votes, more than a hundred seats in the Reichstag and sufficient power to shake the moderate coalition government headed by Chancellor Bruening, Centrist. Yet the two parties agree only in opposition to the moderates. In the days before the election they fought each other on the streets. Both, however, profited by German discontent with unemployment, high living costs and heavy war burdens. The Fascists advanced more sensationally, their gains causing real concern abroad.

Officially known as the National Socialists, they were led by their founder, the forty-one-year-old Adolph Hitler. Austrian by birth, German by war service, legally a man without a country, Herr Hitler, "the German Mussolini," hopes to replace republicanism with a dictatorship. With his brilliant oratory, particularly effective among women and young people, he calls for unification of Germany and Austria, destruction of the peace treaties, repudiation of the reparations settlements and disfranchisement or deportation of Jews.

In but seven years Hitler has made the National Socialist party, once a joke, the second most powerful in the Reichstag. On November 8, 1923, he, with General von Ludendorff, staged the well-remembered Bavarian *putsch*. Sentenced two days later to five years' imprisonment, he served a twelve-month, was released and found himself without party, friends or even permission to speak.

Within a year he organized the present party, equipped with "storm squads" for street fighting with the Communists. As the bans on his speeches were removed his party gained power. By 1928 it polled 800,000 votes, worth twelve mandates in the Reichstag. This year the Fascists passed the 6,000,000 mark in votes, the 100 mark in Reichstag seats. France is frankly alarmed, and one can hardly blame her.

►► All About Symbolism

READING OF THE mock drowning party held by Governor Pollard and a group of other fun-loving Virginians, we realized in a flash what's wrong with



Underwood

STAYS PUT

New York's Metropolitan Opera House not to be moved

America. Not enough symbolism. Governor Pollard, you know, took the effigies of Old Man Depression, Old Lady Pessimism and their daughter, Miss Fortune, out into Chesapeake Bay on the steamer Virginia Lee. In an elaborate oration, he scolded them soundly for being unreal and un-American, informed them that their places henceforth would be taken by Old Man Hard Work, Lady Optimism and Little Johnny Payroll, and consigned them—guess where!—to Davy Jones' locker.

We could hardly finish reading the story. Instantly we got together effigies of Old Man Not Enough Symbolism, Old Lady Not Enough Mock-Seriousness and their son, Not Enough Childish Glee. We pitched these into the wastebasket. In their stead we set up effigies of Old Man Plenty of Symbolism and Old Lady Scads of Mock-Seriousness, together with their son, Barrels of Childish Glee.

Immediately everything changed for the better. There was plenty of symbolism for all. Farmers solved their problems by delivering stirring orations over the lifeless bodies of Old Man Drought, Old Lady Farm Relief Failure, and Little Empty Pocketbook and welcomed Old Man Big Crops, Old Lady High Prices and their son, College Educations For All the Family. Junior Leaguers throughout the country staged a playlet in which Old Man Scraggly Bob, Old Lady Fading Sun-tan and their children, the Tiny Freckles, were banished. Business executives eagerly rehearsed a mock gang-warfare in which Mr. Hard Winter, Mrs. Overdrawn Account and the Little Nagging Worries were taken for a ride by Lord Thirty-Six Holes a Day and Lady Mediterranean Trip.

Then, of course, something happened. A group of sour realists, who couldn't take a joke and didn't know a good time when they were having it, staged a playlet in which Old Man Childishness, Old Lady Cute Ideas, and their daughter, Spirit of Clean Fun, were thrown into the dustbin by Mr. and Mrs. Act Your Age.

►► Checking Immigration

PRESIDENT HOOVER again seeks to reduce immigration as a means of unemployment relief. At his request the State Department has issued a ukase that consuls apply more strictly that section of the immigration law providing that visas may be withheld from per-

sons who might become public charges after entering this country. In other words the consuls are to visa very few Czechoslovakian shoemakers so long as we have a sick boot industry, very few Italian hod-carriers until there is more construction work.

Some months ago Mr. Hoover wished to aid the unemployment situation by amending the immigration law to cut



Remarkable Remarks

I read with the greatest interest the articles from former President Coolidge appearing in the *Herald-Tribune*. Their calm, unruffled sanity, so characteristic of Mr. Coolidge, must appeal to many hundreds of thousands in this time of political and economic unrest.—J. G. HARBORD.

When business is declining, the people cannot expect to increase savings.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

No one welcomes or desires trade depressions.—RICHARD WHITNEY.

The American people endorse the constructive record which the Hoover Administration and the Congress have made in the face of tremendous difficulties.—SENATOR SIMEON D. FESS.

Americans die at the age of fifty—not in the sense that life is extinct, but they are exhausted, worn out and as good as dead. Their lives are finished.—DR. SERGE VORONOFF.

The humble opinion of the high-school girl, revealed in her sincere fan letter is more valuable than the criticism of all the experts put together.—CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

Do you know a million aching hearts, a million lonely girls, and a million Cinderellas, are dreaming of me?—JOHN GILBERT.

One kiss is worth a dozen wise cracks.—EDGAR A. GUEST.



the quotas in half for a year. The bill to that effect was lost in the before-closing shuffle in Congress. Unlike Congress, the State Department is amenable to the President's wishes. Ordering the more strict application, Acting Secretary of State Cotton also announces a series of consular conferences to determine methods of enforcement. In London, Warsaw, Winnipeg and Vancouver the consuls will make a study of unemployment facts and immigration statutes.

Such conferences have already been held in Mexico and Canada. Mr. Cotton reveals that since March, 1929, the consular force has been busy halting the immigration of laborers "from Mexico and certain similar places." As a result, he says, labor immigration from Mexico "has now practically ceased" and similar conferences among Canadian consuls have caused labor immigration from the provinces to fall off markedly.

In fact, Mexican immigration in the first six months of 1930 dropped to 3,140. In a similar period during the preceding five years it had averaged 28,374. The July report of the Labor Department's Bureau of Immigration showed further reductions, with only 398 arrivals from Mexico, 3,501 arrivals from Canada and 13,323 from all countries.

Mr. Hoover's action is commendable. Yet it is doubtful that it can materially reduce the number of immigrants. Certainly it will not, to any major degree, relieve unemployment. For the monthly flow of immigrants from which the consuls may lop off undesirables is less than 20,000, whereas the number of unemployed runs considerably up in the millions.

►► In Brief

WELL, we note where another gentleman has been practically charged with murdering Alfred J. Lingle, Chicago *Tribune* reporter, last June, as what Chicagoan, for the matter of that, has not? . . . "I think you can take it that in the next year or two England will certainly go over to a definite tariff policy. And I have no doubt you will be very pleased, because there is nothing in the world so pleasing as to see your friends follow your thoughts." Thus, in his recent New York address, Lord Melchett, Britain's big chemical and irony man. . . As we get it from last week's radio speech by General Harbord, the entire Democratic party is responsible for Democratic misgovernment in New York City, whereas any one who says the entire Republican party is responsible for Republican misgovernment in Chicago is a villain. . . Possibly it is the radical experiments that have lately been made with the play that induced Britain, planning a round-table conference on India in which the Nationalists will not be represented, to stage *Hamlet* without Hamlet. . . Brief memory test: Arthur Schreiber was married in Philadelphia on Septem-

ber 7. Who is Arthur Schreiber? . . . The first person to swim the English Channel was Captain Webb. The last person to swim it is the South African, Peggy Duncan. Or at any rate we hope

she's the last. . . And now gasoline filling stations are being used as telegraph offices. It is, however, still impossible to drive up to a filling station and buy a good potato masher.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE QUESTION of prohibition, we find, is fast dropping the sanctimonious shrouds in which it has been swathed these many years by professional drys. To our mind, the instantaneous reaction of the most zealous Congressional drys to recent primary upsets shows that prohibition will soon take the same place on House and Senate calendars now occupied by tariff revision, tax reduction, bridge bills and pensions. This will be a distinct change from only a few years ago, when, as we recall, only a La Guardia or a Tydings in the House, and a Wadsworth and Bruce in the Senate, had the courage to brave their colleagues' cat-calls with daily demands for repeal of the dry laws.

Even though the godly fathers of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act may not know it, or at least will not admit it, and therefore linger stubbornly on their miniature Mt. Sinai, the law itself has descended from the high and holy places into the humble and hard-boiled valley of practical politics. On every side we hear the politicians of both parties, and particularly the more thoughtful and clear-minded members, discussing prohibition in terms of votes and election results, or as a social venture of dubious value, President Hoover to the contrary. The Capital regards the flood of recantations and the defeat of Anti-Saloon League drys as the most amazing political development in many years.

Though we look for more wet victories and dry recantations before the first Congress of the second dry decade convenes in December, we think the public has missed two of the most illuminating and significant developments of all.

We refer to the declarations of Senators Walsh of Montana, Jones of Washington and Sheppard of Texas that they will vote for repeal of the amend-

ment if they receive such a mandate from the people of their respective states. Though the public may have forgotten it, this trio of honorables constitutes the drys' most valiant and sacred group of law givers and law defenders. Mr. Sheppard was the nominal author of the amendment, but it was Mr. Walsh who furnished whatever legal



Baltimore Sun

The drought seems to be breaking

and constitutional knowledge went into its making. For them to lower the dry laws to the level of ballot box returns is, though human, quite heretical. It is as if Napoleon's Old Guard refused to deliver the last, vain charge at Waterloo.

Nevertheless, we hold Mr. Jones's offer to listen to the people instead of to the dry dictators as even more important. He is and has been a prohibitionist by birth, upbringing, training, temperament and conscience. Despite his recent repudiation of his legislative child—the "five and ten law"—we happen to know that he provided all the in-

spiration for it. We think we owe it to the Senator to relate his rôle as he himself has described it, if only for the light it throws on his effort to disavow his prohibition progeny.

The Senator, it seems, found his sober spirit pained by the small fines and short sentences which certain judges were meting out to large-scale, commercial bootleggers in his state. As always, he laid his troubles before Edward B. Dunford, the little known but extremely energetic and obliging legislative counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, and Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who, as Assistant Attorney General, was then on the prohibition warpath in the hope that the league would advance her ambition to be the first woman to wear the robes of a federal judge. Those two great minds—Mrs. Willebrandt's and Mr. Dunford's—conceived the law, and Mr. Jones was only too pleased to introduce it. Indeed, there was a sharp spirit of rivalry between Mr. Jones and Mr. Gale Stalker of New York, who stepfathered the measure in the House. Unfortunately for the Senator, as things have turned out, he deserves all the credit, and never until this moment—both parties in his state having urged repeal—did he seek to escape it. If it were not that Mrs. Willebrandt is now drawing big fees as counsel for California producers of grapes who are growing rich on prohibition, we imagine that she would have told this story long ago. We would not be surprised if Mr. Dunford were keeping his own counsel out of a desire to punish Mr. Jones, since an accurate exposition of the facts might help the Senator in his effort to get right with the wets.

The league's behavior toward its three slipping saints is most peculiar—and most significant. It is the second development to which we referred. Though the drys have trotted out an independent candidate in retaliation against Mrs. McCormick for taking a similar stand in her political dilemma, so far they have shown no signs of declaring war on Messrs. Jones, Walsh and Sheppard. In fact, dry leaders decline to discuss the potential desertion of these three wise men; we suspect that they cannot believe any organization "born of God" could suffer such a reverse. So downcast are F. Scott McBride and Clarence True Wilson that we almost feel sorry for them. A. F. C.

➤➤ Roosevelt Comes Out Wet ◀◀



LAST week we criticized Governor Roosevelt because at that time he had made no personal contribution toward solving the prohibition problem. Now that he has made a straightforward statement calling for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, now that he has suggested what to put in its place, he is suffering from criticism from other sources. Republican politicians in New York are interpreting his pronouncement merely as a clever hamstringing of any wet statement that may be made by the Republican contender for the New York Governorship. To win New York State's election a candidate must be wet, and Governor Roosevelt has pre-empted the issue.

Other Republicans are assailing him nationally as making a political move, a double-faced statement, calculated to allow him to win the Governorship but without too seriously alienating those southern, dry Democrats whom he will need for a presidential nomination and election in 1932. At the same time, many of these same southern Democrats are attacking his statement for following in the lead of Mr. Smith in the last campaign and espousing the wet cause. These gentlemen prophesy dire results for Mr. Roosevelt and the Democratic party if his ideas prevail in 1932. Meanwhile, with a total disregard for facts and a magnificent lack of logic, the Anti-Saloon League, in the form of Superintendent Victor in New York, bitterly assails the Governor's statement both as a precursor to the return of the saloon and as an infamous way of putting the state in the liquor business. To add to the general confusion, many wets decry the whole thing, either because it substitutes an amendment which does not rid the Constitution of the whole rotten business, or because it substitutes something which is not needed.

➤➤ IN VIEW of these criticisms, it is worth while to be clear on what Governor Roosevelt actually proposes and its probable effect. The Governor, assuming that the force and effect of the Eighteenth Amendment can be eliminated only by a new Constitutional amendment, says that this new amendment must restore real control over the sale of intoxicants to the several states. The sale of intoxicants through state agencies should be made lawful in any state where the people desire it, and conversely the people of any state would have the right to prohibit the sale of intoxicants if they so wished. It must remain, says Governor Roosevelt, not only the right but the duty of the federal government to protect states which continue to prohibit the sale of intoxicants. There must be some definite assurance that by no possibility at any time or at any place can the old saloon come back. Therefore the control of any sale of intoxicants should be wholly in the hands of the state or state agencies. Finally, there should be recognition of the right of any city, village or town by popular vote to prohibit the sale of intoxicants within their own borders, even though intoxicants may be sold in other parts of the state through state agencies.

➤➤ IN ITSELF this statement is noteworthy, first, for its honest attempt to be constructive. Second, for its definite suggestion that, where prohibition is abandoned, it be

abandoned in favor of a definite thing: state sale through state agencies. It springs, obviously, from Mr. Roosevelt's Democratic philosophy of home rule and states' rights and the greatest individual liberty consistent with the public good.

Such a plan would assure the physician in wet states of those rights of which he has been deprived by the present prohibition legislation. It would end federal espionage and tyranny and the mistaken Volstead Act. It does not hide behind such false slogans as "light wines and beer," but frankly recognizes the fact that this is a country which drinks many beverages of high alcoholic content. It proposes to divert into state tax receipts the profits of bootleggers from racketeering and corruption, and do away with a liquor-supported underworld. And, above all, it proposes to keep efforts toward temperance in line with the actual state of public opinion. It is practical reform as opposed to temperance betrayal by bigotry. It keeps the fruits of prohibition wherever they actually exist, including debarring the saloon, and consolidates the ground won for temperance. To our mind, it answers in itself most of the objections voiced against it, the most important objection being that it does continue a modified police statute in the Constitution. Leaving this aside, however, and looking at the proposal as part of a long range campaign for real temperance, it has more to recommend it than to disqualify it. Should the Ontario plan prove ineffective in some states, future action would always permit the trial of other plans until the best local, workable solution was found.

➤➤ POLITICALLY speaking, of course, it is of great importance, for, provided Mr. Roosevelt is elected Governor of New York, it tends to commit the Democratic party to an anti-prohibition platform in the next national campaign. If adopted as a platform plank for an anti-prohibition candidate—as Senator Wheeler asserts it will be—it might assure the Democrats a good chance in the wet, industrial states, while at the same time proposing a solution which is based on the traditional southern Democratic philosophy of states' rights. Once basically understood, such a proposal will eventually be accepted by the South. Short of Republican desertion of the Eighteenth Amendment and the unexpected nomination of Dwight W. Morrow, it might even make the Democratic party acceptable to enough northern states, in these days of Republican prosperity, to give the Democrats a chance. No wonder Nicholas Murray Butler remarks that he has been saying the same thing for ten years. No wonder New York State Republicans are split on the subject. No wonder the Anti-Saloon League thunders vainly. Politically, Governor Roosevelt's statement goes one step further than Dwight Morrow's. It makes repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment an unescapable issue in the next national election. Whether Mr. Roosevelt himself will be the nominee or whether his will be the plan chosen remains to be seen. Meanwhile, he is to be congratulated on having finally removed all doubt as to his own personal beliefs.

The Editors

▶▶ A Little Flyer on Bobby ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

"THREE up and one to go," is ordinarily a clinching score in golf, but I use the phrase here in reference to Bobby Jones' quest of golf's four major championships. The chubby Southerner, with the British Amateur, British Open, and American Open titles already stowed away in that capacious caddie bag of his, has arrived at Merion, as you read these lines, prepared to leap the final hurdle, the United States Amateur championship.

I doubt whether any other individual exploit in the annals of sport has awakened keener interest in Britain and America than Jones' unparalleled 1930 campaign. Even people who can't tell a divot from a stymie are rooting for Bobby to make a clean sweep. If he doesn't, nobody else ever will.

A ten dollar parlay placed on Jones last May at reasonable odds would have enriched the lucky player to the tune of \$4620 to date. Suppose, for example, you had bet a ten spot on Jones at St. Andrews, at odds of 10 to 1. In view of Bobby's previous failures in the British Amateur, plus the fact that it calls for continuous eighteen hole match play, such a price would have been abundantly justified. Jones detests eighteen hole matches, feeling that superior skill hasn't a fair chance to tell over the short route. At St. Andrews he was forced to play seven consecutive eighteen hole matches—sometimes two of them in one day. Hence the relatively long odds against Bobby.

At 10 to 1 your ten spot on Jones would have mounted to \$110. Let's presume that you let your winnings ride on Bobby at Hoylake. In that British Open test a price of 5 to 1 against Jones would have been logical. I grant you that Hoylake's professional field represented considerably greater class than the British Amateur entry list, but please bear in mind that seventy-two hole medal play is Bobby's forte. Skill is at a premium here and hence Jones' ability has a correspondingly greater chance to tell.

Well, it told! Jones led the professionals to the wire. Your investment of \$110 would have swelled to a neat \$660 at 5 to 1 odds. Remember, you get your \$110 back in addition to your \$550 winnings.

All right, now for Interlachen. You have \$660 in your jeans and you stick it on Jones' snub nose to win the American Open. He is facing the cream

of America's professionals—consistent, low-seventy scoring machines such as Armour, Sarazen, Diegel, Mehlhorn, Espinosa, Farrell, and the two Smiths, Mac and Horton. Surely odds of 6 to 1 against Jones are reasonable in such company.

Once more Bobby triumphs, though he has to skip a ball across the ninth hole pond and sink a forty footer on the home green to do it. Your \$660 multiplied by six totals \$3960. Add in the amount of your wager \$660 which comes back to papa and you are now \$4620 to the good. Take your \$4620 and gamble every nickel of it on Jones' ability to round out a perfect year by winning the United States Amateur title at Merion this coming week.

You ought to get 3 to 1 against Jones—remembering that the first two matches are at eighteen holes and that the woods are full of amateurs who can break 75 every so often. One of them is apt to have a "morning glory round" the day he faces Jones. If Bobby is the least bit off touch, out he goes, as he did at Pebble Beach.

But let's be optimistic. Assuming that Jones crashes through at Merion you will wind up with \$18,480 in your pocket—not bad on an investment of a ten spot.

All this, of course, is mere hypothesis. The odds named above are reasonable enough, but, bookmakers being a tight-fisted tribe—Lloyds' in London offered 50 to 1 in May against Jones winning all four championships—you probably couldn't have gotten better than 6 to 1 against at St. Andrews; 3 to 1 at Hoylake; 4 to 1 at Interlachen and even money at Merion. Even by that reckoning you would stand to make \$2800 on a ten dollar parlay. Robert Tyre Jones Preferred is as attractive as General Motors before the market crackup. As

one wag remarked: "If Bobby wins at Merion the Georgia directors are going to split him up on a four for one basis."

GRANTING that the Merion field is seeded, Jones won't be even reasonably comfortable until he has wriggled by Wednesday's brace of eighteen hole nerve-shockers. Rank outsiders such as Maurice McCarthy, Richard Jones, and Ray Gorton carried Atlanta's Bobby to the home green at eighteen holes in 1926, 1927, and 1928 respectively. The issue literally hung on a single turn of the ball. That's drawing things too fine.

Last year Jones' luck deserted him. Johnny Goodman, an unheralded youngster, nosed out the great man one up in the first round. Johnny got the jump—a priceless asset in a short match—winning three holes right off the reel before Bob warmed to his task. Jones' nightmare—the fear of "running out of holes"—materialized.

Why have eighteen hole matches? To save time, is the official answer. Prior to 1926, the U. S. G. A. did not tolerate one-round matches in its championship. The tournament used to begin on a Saturday and end on a Saturday—with a matchless Sunday sandwiched in between. That day of idleness, plus the extra week end, irked contestants.

Beginning at Baltusrol, the qualifying rounds were scheduled for Monday and Tuesday, followed by two eighteen hole matches Wednesday, and thirty-six hole contests during the last three days, with the finals on Saturday. This manoeuvre squeezes the championship into a six day week. Six days is long enough, I grant you, but why must elimination trials be saddled on a championship supposedly dedicated to match play?

The writer has a solution to the problem of how to compress the championship within six days and still eliminate fluky eighteen hole matches. I call it the "sixty-four plan." Medal golf has no place in a match play tournament. It beclouds the issue, and makes the matches proper something of an anticlimax. In a nutshell, the sixty-four plan would divorce the qualifying preliminaries from the championship proper.

Divide the country into zones and hold sectional qualifying trials as is now done in our Open championship. Limit

(Please Turn to Page 157)



►► The Stream of Business ◀◀

►► Outsiders Look In

THE business doctor is increasing his practice rapidly. Witness, for example, the cases of Dr. J. Leonard Replogle, whose experienced hand is now on the faltering pulse of the British steel industry; Dr. B. C. Milner, Jr., who has recently performed a successful operation for the Onondaga Silk Company; and Dr. Richard Lennihan, who has brought the respiration of the Hamilton Woolen Company up from \$26.79 to approximately \$75.00.

In all of these cases there appeared to be no one on the inside who was qualified to effect the required rehabilitation. Help had to come from outside, and, in the first case mentioned, from another country. Mr. Replogle is, of course, a veteran in steel production, but before they tackled the textile jobs Mr. Milner had had no experience in silk and Mr. Lennihan none in wools. All of them, however, knew the principles of sound business management, and what is more important, how to apply them.

Mr. Replogle's job is just begun, with the preparation of a plan for a \$300,000,000 plant in England, to produce about 3,000,000 tons of steel a year. Mr. Milner has apparently piloted Onondaga safely through the transition period which has wrecked so many silk enterprises, and Mr. Lennihan, who was wise enough to find a high-powered mill manager and give him free rein, has saved 25,850 shares of stock which the directors wanted to liquidate at \$26.79 and built it up to a book value of about \$75.00 a share. This seems to be a good time to take on some Outside Operators, Preferred.

►► Down to the Sea in Ships

Two colorful items of business news,—the sailing of the Frango and the attempt of Italian divers to bring up the treasure of the sunken steamship Egypt off the coast of France,—have caused the thoughts of many landlubbers to undergo a sea change.

We are sincerely sorry for such news-followers as are too preoccupied or too unimaginative to get a real thrill out of these expeditions. The Frango, the first whaler to carry the American flag in many years, sailed for Antarctic waters on the last day of August, with a Nor-

wegian crew under the command of Captain Olaf Stokken of Sunnyfield, New Jersey. It would be a joy to record that the sturdy 6,000-ton vessel put out from

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) September 11—83.4. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) September 11—74.9.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended August 30—984,504 cars (increase of 43,955 over preceding week; reduction of 177,596 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended September 6—56% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 30% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended September 6—daily average gross 2,487,050 barrels (reduction of 24,300 under preceding week and of 519,300 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended September 11—\$8,699,952,000 (increase of 12% over preceding week; reduction of 38% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended September 11—463 (increase of 127 over preceding week, which was a holiday week, and of 66 over same week of 1929).

New Bedford, but as a matter of fact she made her getaway from a pier at the foot of Thirtieth Street, Brooklyn. However, the Frango went out for the "newly organized American Whaling Company," and if that doesn't have a pleasant sound to you, may somebody steal your copy of Moby Dick!

The other episode is scarcely less engaging. Stories of sunken treasure always appeal to boys of from eight to eighty, and the fact that one young diver, Alberto Bargellini, all but lost his life through the entangling of a cable and the shutting off of his oxygen supply, gives the tale a melodramatic twist that is irresistible. Believe it or not, as he struggled up to the surface Bargellini was encouraged, by telephone, by his anxious friend Gianni, on the deck of the Artiglio. How sad it is that we were born to live in these matter-of-fact days of 1930, when Romance is dead!

►► A Commodity Referendum

EXECUTIVES in more than 1,600 member organizations of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States are scratching their heads, sharpening up the old lead pencil and getting ready to give the Chamber their reactions on the following points, based on the report of a special committee headed by Dr. William F. Gephart, vice-president of the First National Bank of St. Louis:

1. That commodity exchange trading should be supported.

2. That trading in futures on commodity exchanges should be supported.

3. That intelligent and wisely regulated speculative buying and selling on commodity exchanges should be supported as a necessary factor in the economic distribution of agricultural products.

4. That commodity exchanges should adopt such changes in their rules and regulations as will promote not only the interest of the producer, the merchant and the manufacturer of agricultural commodities, but also the general welfare of the public.

This referendum, with the balloting closing October 18, will go far toward clarifying the ideas of American business concerns in regard to the place of commodity exchange trading in the marketing of agricultural products. Dr. Gephart, who besides being an officer in an important bank is also a research specialist of widely recognized standing, has had a particularly effective committee to work with him on this problem, and the reaction of the Chamber members on the various points will be well worth careful study.

►► The Mousetrap Fallacy

Poor old Mr. Emerson,—he was all wet. No matter how good the mousetraps are, they will not be bought. They have to be sold. In order to sell them, we must know how to predict and to influence human behavior, and if we know that, we are business psychologists.

This, and a great deal more, is revealed in *Psychology in Modern Business* (Prentice-Hall \$5) by Harry Walker Hepner, formerly in charge of personnel research for the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company and now assistant professor of psychology at Syracuse University.

Professor Hepner's message has six chief divisions: nature of the mental life; predicting behavior of the individual; influencing behavior of the individual; predicting behavior of the group; influencing behavior of the group; and the principles and tools of psychological research in business. The material is attractively put together, and we predict that both the individual and the group will behave favorably toward Professor Hepner's offering.

►► The Leisure Arts ◀◀

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Saints and Sinners

THOUGH not a trained biologist, I am so familiar with the more conspicuous domestic and zoo animals that the alleged Darwinian theory, now discredited, of man's simian origin has always left me disinterested and unperturbed; for the difference between the lowest and highest type of man has always seemed to me greater than the difference between the lowest type of man and a real pert monkey. Indeed one of the most unfathomable facts of human history is, in my own judgment, ability and inability, genius and mediocrity. How does it come that one man has the power to move mountains with ease whereas another, even his brother in flesh and blood, can do no more than dig a ditch? There seems to be no answer.

There lie before me—I have read them with perfect profit and integral interest—two studies in genius that are so totally unlike in treatment and characters treated that the enigma of genius is made more rather than less big and blank: Giovanni Papini's *Laborers in the Vineyard* (Longmans \$2) and Archibald Henderson's *Contemporary Immortals* (Appleton \$2.50). Signor Papini candidly admits that he is interested only in saints and artists: those who imitate God, and those who imitate the works of God. Mr. Henderson confesses with equal candor that he is concerned only with great characters, that is, with those who constitute the "effigies of our aspirations." He is much less arrogant than Signor Papini, who preaches nevertheless in every paragraph the excellence of humility. The Professor from North Carolina admits that it is hard for him to lift himself up to the level of his heroes and then remain there without benefit of air-wings. The convert from Rome, who

out-Popes the Pope in his advocacy of Catholicism, feels not the slightest hesitancy about undertaking to prove the virtues of his saints, for he himself is no longer of the earth earthy.

Had the two gentlemen convened at some point equally agreeable to both, and then decided to see how far apart

that is unique in my own reading, except for Count Keyserling, he asks us to leave our brains under lock and key in some beautiful isle of nowhere and go with him. Very well, let him lead.

Henderson's study would find small favor with Papini. What he does is to show us ten men and two women, no one of whom has ever claimed to be a saint in the past, and it is hardly likely that any one of them will make such a claim in the future, unless Mahatma Gandhi reaches out his hand for the halo. He is easy to follow.

Papini makes no attempt whatsoever to follow chronology. He says that much harm has been done by the professors who have heaped up mountains of dates and data and then failed to catch the spirit. His opening essay is on Petrarch, his closing one on Caesar and Virgil, and in between lie essays on men still living, including Pius XI, of whom we have a laudation such as has possibly never been accorded a human being outside of and away from national conventions. Papini's whole point is that the world is becoming universally Catholic, and that those Catholics today who are mere lip-worshippers and bead-counters might just as well go out and join some one of the five hundred and fifty-five branches of Protestantism and remain there until they are in the right frame of soul (not mind, for the mind is not supposed to play a part) to join the Church which Christ founded, and which will be glad to take them back once they have repented of their waywardness.

The best intervening studies are those of Loyola, whose unpopularity, even in Catholic circles, Papini explains, and of Manzoni, whose *I Promessi Sposi* he analyzes at great length, and not without effect, and which he says should never be read in schools or colleges but



Illustrations by Henry O'Connor in "The Book of the Gloucester Fishermen" by James B. Connolly (John Day)

they could remain in their choice of subjects, they could not have got farther apart than they are. Signor Papini, with a supreme contempt for everything professorial, and for every professor except a few Italian ones who, after sowing their wild oats, became themselves laborers in the vineyard, evaluates and reevaluates the lives of fourteen Romano-Italian men, living and dead, and the four Evangelists. With a self-reliance

only, if at all, in academic regions, in the higher and better universities. Another caveat for the philologist.

But the cream of the whole of Papini is the final essay on Julius Caesar and Virgil. He makes the point that Caesar had such a lovely character that he was the forerunner of Christ on earth, while Virgil, in the fourth *Eclogue*, prophesied the coming of Christ. The ideas, especially the one tied in with Virgil, are not wholly new. The very professors, whom Papini affects to despise, have long since arrived at the same hypothesis regarding Virgil, but intelligence fills any man with inhibitions such as an emotional journalist of the converted Papini type knows not, with the result that the professors have been more wary about stating what seemed to them interesting, accidental, and coincidental, rather than rigidly factual. It is only fair to state, however, that Papini has made out cases for Caesar and Virgil that no man can read without interest. Indeed his entire volume is so novel and provocative that we can only anticipate with impatience the publication of his *Adam* with its three hundred chapters.

Dr. Henderson's twelve characters are: Einstein, Gandhi, Edison, Mussolini, Shaw, Marconi, Jane Addams, Orville Wright, Paderewski, Madame Curie, Henry Ford, and Kipling, with the essays following in this order. To go from Papini to Henderson is like going from mysticism to matter, from Catholicism to clarity, yea, even from visions to victuals—which is not saying that Professor Henderson has written anything but a dignified, timely, and well-tempered book. To read it is to be made more intelligent, and greater praise than this cannot be given.

Mr. Henderson has his personal likes.



That he is afraid of Mussolini is evident though not expressed in so many words. The world is in no position to temporize with a leader who refers to the "putrid body of the Goddess Liber-

ty," and who is telling the world that when the occasion comes he will walk rough-shod over that body. That is more than a gesture; it is a bit of quite dangerous foolishness. He is probably just a trifle moved by his own Carolina, where the Wright Brothers first flew, when he states without equivocation or aught else hesitant that the Wrights, and not Professor Langley, should be



credited with first having flown. He is fond of Jane Addams, but what man isn't? He makes no attempt to get at the Ford secret and doubts whether Mr. Ford himself could state it in exact terms. He comes quite near proving that George Bernard Shaw is the world's greatest living writer, and yet concludes with a splendid tribute to Kipling.

Probably the most pleasing feature of the book is the way in which it is shown that all these "Immortals" derived help daily and dutifully from other men whose names are mentioned only in passing: Without predecessors and assistants Marconi might be today just another Irish-Italian interested in radio. Without his teachers, Einstein might to this day be the delicatessen-man in his native Württemberg. Without her associates, Jane Addams might at this moment be teaching household arts

in a Chicago high school. Without their churchly father, a bishop in his own denomination, who gave the boys that flying toy one day, the Wrights might both have gone through life unknown

outside of Dayton. And without the professors of mathematics, Edison might be running a newsstand in Jersey.

There is, too, this lesson in this book: These men and women have without exception won against great physical odds and physical pain. Think even of Paderewski with his fingers so stubby that one would never fancy he would be able to draw from the piano the mar-

vellous tones that linger on forever!

There have been, and there still are, great men and good in this world. And wherein lie their virtues? They have worked without ceasing for the betterment of mankind; they have enormously increased the sum total of human happiness. Inability or unwillingness to do this makes birth an error and death a desideratum. It is not a question of saint or sinner, but of giver or taker. Each of these men, and certainly these two women, have given much more than they have taken. And in sober truth their biographers have done likewise.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

The New Poetry

HATE and revenge loom like smoke over Edwin Arlington Robinson's new poem, *The Glory of the Nightingales* (Macmillan), and then the smoke drifts off and we are left blinking at what, supposedly, is light. We come to know the man Nightingale through his hater, Malory, who goes to murder him and stays to hear him talk. Nightingale, now chair-ridden in his great house by the sea, had hoped to marry Agatha before she married Malory, his best friend, instead. Nightingale then, for love of Agatha, put Malory in the way of making money through investment; but later, from hate of Malory, did not let him know in time to take his money out before disaster; and Agatha and her unborn child died from shock and want. Malory, sensitive bacteriologist, gave up his work and spent his years in getting on the trail of Nightingale to kill

him, then himself. But Nightingale, already dying from disease, holds him with his own tale of what has gone before, and kills himself, first persuading Malory to go back to his work for humanity with Nightingale's great fortune.

The book is overlaid with nightmare quality; evil itself rises up like genii out of the bottle and dominates the scene into unreality. Sharon and the great house by the sea and all the country traversed seem to be not on the earth but squarely set in Hell. "Do they really eat dinner and go riding in limousines in Hell?" you ask as you read and shudder. The very monotone of metre of the merciless blank verse, leveling all things to the same deadly denominator, seems to become the rhythm of that nether place. And even the morally and socially decent ending of that tragic life of Nightingale's does not give anything but a dispersal of the smoke, the evil dream. No real Earth-sunlight breaks. A newspaper clipping could have told the tale with more succinctness; a stage drama with less terrific accumulation and monotony; nobody but Robinson and his almost diabolical form could have piled up the terrible weariness and horror of vengeance and disgrace as he has done.

After-Walker (Viking Press) is the first and last book of poems of a novelist, Leonard Cline, who had prepared this manuscript for the press, almost as it now stands, shortly before his tragic death last year. The poems were written from the ages of twenty-one to thirty-five. They are the record of a man quick-hearted and adoring. It is one of those books which pulse and tremble like a heart in your hands. It is living tissue, almost too terribly exposed—to adoration, quick response, and bleak despair. It is a sad pity that there will be no more poems from this man. Even so, he can be spoken of with poets. There is no one poem I want to quote to exemplify that live and apprehensive quality, that terrible exposure of the intuition and the heart. But, reading him, I think of other young, too-sensitive poets who have died; and of others who have life and fame both—de la Mare, for instance.

The uneasiness of life just before it breaks over into the miracle of peace, the anguish of unfulfilment coupled with a great capacity—these things are in the poems of Hortense Flexner. Her new volume is *This Stubborn Root* (Macmillan) and is of her usual high quality, although a kind of defiant in-

difference seems to have allowed a little superfluous light verse to be included where it doesn't belong. Her deep seriousness is sometimes on the brink of bitterness. Some revelation might occur, and make her poetry more luminous and complete. Or it might sink into futility. The next book should tell. She is a good poet, but somehow yet without the victory, though few of the good but still unfamous poets are so close to it. Read "Holiday Crowd," or "Four Moulds or Seven," or "Protest," or "The Image," or "For Them the Night," and feel the depth of something she hasn't yet quite said. Existence and the earth with all its implications burden her, but she will lift them more surely before she is done.

John V. A. Weaver, in his new *Turning Point* (Knopf), rolls out Hollywood, his latest habitat, in films of his peculiarly un-blank blank verse. The book is full of his never-failing weary gentleness—this time toward a mother whose little boy is getting spoiled in the movies, for an extra who wants to be a human being again, for various figures caught in that unreal kaleidoscope. And in a heartfelt poem of another sort he speaks for himself and all the other writers gone West and gone wrong; it is called "Hail, California!"

Beside your sea of meaningless, bright
blue,
Girdled with smug, pretentious, painted
peaks,
You sprawl, while the insipid sunshine
leaks
Through the high-fogged complacency of
you.

Expatriate Iowans hourly celebrate
Your sawdust oranges, your paper roses,
Your subdivided sands, your cultural
poses,
And breed the spawn that thrives when
morons mate.

Hail to your grinning insincerity!
Hail to the emptiness of your women's
eyes!
Hail to your million frantic, antic lies!
Hail to your Weather, Hail! . . . Oh, God,
to be

Waist-deep in slush, penniless, ague-cold,
But Eastern-circumstanced—and Eastern
souled!

The Week's Reading

Books out of Scandinavia come coated with ice, crystallized to an alien rigidity. Their passions groan like the rifting of frozen waters. The unyielding, slow monotony of their tempo creeps, as a northern winter, from line to line. Whatever flowers and freshets exist in the souls of the people who mutely plod through the pages lie hid-

den beneath a snowbound stratum of repression. The light which shows up these characters sheds a chill translucence. Though it may permeate your bones it does not probe your emotions. Sometimes the prolonged tension of such books will make you shiver; it never moves you to weep or to smile. Even the craftsmanship of Madame Undset cannot melt down the icy barrier which bars your sympathy with the last years of her hero, Olav Audunsson, in *The Son Avenger* (Alfred A. Knopf \$3), the fourth volume of the historical tetralogy which she calls *The Master of Hestviken*. Olav Audunsson has all his life kept secret his murder of the father of his wife's son, Eirik. The gates of his utterance have been bolted. He has gone neither to church nor to social gathering. He has brought up his daughter Cecilia and the boy, Eirik, through harsh, sorrowing days, allowing them little freedom and few pleasures. Eirik, grown restless in this atmosphere, goes forth to see the world. A year later, coming back to the family estate, he tries to adapt himself to the life there again, but he cannot brook it. He enters a monastery as novitiate, thus leaving Cecilia the heritage of the estate. His hard, wanton friend, Jörund, sues for Cecilia's hand and although neither Eirik nor Olav like Jörund, they can find no good reason to oppose him, so she becomes his bride. Eirik discovers, at the end of his novitiate, that his call to monkhood is not a strong one. The Brothers send him back into the world. He returns to the estate and once more takes up his life with Olav and Cecilia, now settled there with her husband and children. The crux of these people's lives comes when Jörund, who has proved villain and thief, is found dead with a dagger in his back. Olav, believing that his daughter has killed the father of her children, feels at last that he must confess his own crime. He goes to the ancient town of Oslo to betray himself to the Bishop and, just as he is about to confess, paralysis strikes him dumb. He must live on with the burden of his secret sin. And when, after crippled years, he finally dies, Eirik, the avenger, rejoins the monastery and devotes the rest of his days to praying for Olav. Over the lives of all these characters hangs the great weapon of the fourteenth century, the powerful, devastating, relentless fear of their God. This religious feeling is the motivation of Madame Undset's book and, in her understanding of it, she has achieved

a strong picture of the Dark Ages. She builds up her historic background by detail of clothing, housing, conveyances, and customs. Yet these symbols of the century in which her people live stay in the background. Her accent is on their natures and on the intimate psychological warfare of their souls. The undercurrent of *The Son Avenger* runs deep and turgid through the sea of human problems. The book has a strength which cannot be gainsaid. But it is mantled, impenetrably, in the icy cloak of an alien climate, an alien race, an alien, forbidding spirit.

SOME novels, like glass replicas of plants or synthetic pearls, gleam with a scientific perfection which, for the moment, dazzles you and then, in the aftermath, makes you feel cheated. Louis Bromfield, who has heretofore seemed a willing apprentice to the truth, now offers a dexterous, but undeceiving imitation of life in his latest novel *Twenty-Four Hours* (Frederick A. Stokes \$2.50). From a dinner party one evening till a tea party on the following afternoon, one cycle of the sun bridges a momentous crisis for each of a dozen or more people in New York. All of these characters, widely separated in personality, become entangled in a plot as shimmering and as prickly and as unsatisfying as a mouthful of spun sugar, perhaps because they are carefully modeled types, representing in every case a familiar, recognizable attitude toward life, acting in every case according to a carefully drawn design. The masculine old virgin whose modernity consists in tolerance; the pudgy, ailing egotist who slyly pries into other lives, too weak-livered to have one of his own; the handsome, young athlete who keeps himself pure for his wife and, in unholy stupidity, chooses as the lucky lady an ambitious actress from a small town who apes a lady and cannot be one; the gunman who, despite criminal tendencies and ruthless, exhilarating passions, turns to jelly with fear at the last; the Irish slut who supports her worthless family, mothers drunks, and dies to save a lover whom she does not love; the business king, risen from nowhere, whose bulging muscles betray his humble origin while his jaw awakens virtuous women to mad dreams—these, and others, an elevator boy, a well-preserved old beauty, a Jewish mid-wife, a fashionable polo player, a frumpy débutante—walk across the stage of Mr. Brom-

field's erecting like the characters in a revue, dressed so that the audience will guess at once what they stand for and will know at once what to expect. Admitting that it is a glamorous idea to imagine a cross-section of New York life, as it hurtles on its swift axis, you still cannot subscribe to the authenticity of this picture. The author plays stage manager too obviously. He seems to give little credit to your imagination. He slips into hackneyed phrases, worn gags, descriptions of the New York skyline and of women afraid to grow old. He finishes off the sharp edges of his people too smoothly, pat, pat, and there you have another stock character. Yet the book takes some hold on your fancy.

THE OLD city of Charleston challenges the imagination of its most casual visitor. Its balconies and walled gardens still give evidence of generations of fine living. From the undergrowth of its deserted tide-water plantations rise brick Georgian houses to remind an untutored age that grandeur can survive wars and ruined fortunes. These relics have so inspired Mr. Griswold, a northerner, that he plans to spend the next ten years rehabilitating Charleston's glamour by the printed word. *The Tides of Malvern*, Francis Griswold (Morrow \$2.50), is his prologue to the saga, a complete book in itself and one which epitomizes the sweep of two centuries of Charleston life. He follows the careers of successive generations in the Sheldon family, from the acquiring of Malvern Barony's four thousand acres by the first Sheldon down to the dual fate of the last Sheldon and the country seat which nurtured them all. Family likenesses among the Sheldons somewhat weakens them as credible individuals, yet in the aggregate they convince you that the stag-hunting gentleman possessed rare fibres of courage and gallantry. The book should be required reading for rich northerners setting out to buy Georgian houses in the Carolinas.

WHETHER or not a novel with an ax to grind can also be an artistic achievement has always stood a moot

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf For Week-End Reading

Novel: *Adam's Rest*, by Sarah Gertrude Millin: Liveright.
Mystery: *Instigation of the Devil*, by Edmund Pearson: Scribner's.
Biography: *Moliere*, by John Palmer: Brewer and Warren.
Miscellaneous: *Good-bye to Western Culture*, by Norman Douglas: Harper.

question. If characters and situations depend for their fulfillment upon the developing of a theory rather than upon their own inevitability, if crises which should burst into flower are dragged out in discursive diatribes, then, artistically, the book fails. For these reasons, and for lack of style, *Seed*, by Charles Norris (Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2), sub-titled "A Novel of Birth Control," neither fires you with a zeal for its *motif* nor moves you to sympathize with its griefs. Mr. Norris starts with a ranching family in California in 1890 and traces the lives of its many descendants down to the present year. All the marriages, and they are countless, which take place in the story turn acid from the poison engendered by religion, the poison of unwelcome childbirth. Some of the martyred mothers lose their lives, some their health, and some their judgment. The youngest son of the family's founder, Bart, who plays hero, comes to New York with his bride to write. They have five children on a meagre salary and at last the wife, Peggy, refuses to let Bart approach her. Thereupon he takes up with another woman. Peggy bundles her brood to California. Ten years elapse before Bart can recapture his domestic felicity. The purport of *Seed*, however, is not all in favor of contraception. "The crux of the whole situation is simply this," writes Mr. Norris. "Our intelligent classes are not reproducing themselves, and our ignorant, inferior ones are. Unless birth control is stopped among the upper classes, and its use legalized among the lower classes, the best part of our population will die off . . ." Although you might quarrel with his disposing of individual choice in so weighty a matter, there is some plausibility at the bottom of this statement. But it does not make a novel.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Behind the Blurbs

IT is seldom that a communication has come to our desk which has given us so much real pleasure as a letter from Mr. F. W. Moxley, whose *Red Snow* we reviewed several weeks ago. Mr. Moxley admits that he owes us a great debt for our review—"I owe you a great debt," he says—"you and your dear old introverted and philosophically mephitic publication. I might say your God-forsaken, pitiful, subscription-boostered, half-witted weekly. This debt I never can repay,

(Please Turn to Page 160)

#

The Outlook's Guide

to the

Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, New York; SCRANTONS, INC., Rochester; KORNER & WOOD, Cleveland; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, St. Louis; KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., Denver; TEOLIN PILOT CO., Houston; PAUL ELDER & CO., San Francisco; NORMAN REMINGTON CO., Baltimore; EMERY BIRD THAYER, Kansas City; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Atlanta; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles; STEWART KIDD, Cincinnati; J. K. GILL, Co., Portland, Oregon; JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia; THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., Boston, Massachusetts.

Fiction

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley: Harper. "Good old-fashioned tack," ripe, juicy and full-measure. You'll enjoy this English story. Reviewed Sept. 10.

Seed, by Charles G. Norris: Doubleday, Doran. Reviewed in this issue.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton, Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Reviewed July 2.

A Note in Music, by Rosamund Lehmann: Holt. A poetic novel of love as a dream in the lives of three women. Reviewed Sept. 10.

Chances, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown. A slight novel about two brothers in love with the same girl with the War solving all problems. Reviewed June 11.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

Lone Cowboy, by Will James: Scribner. A stimulating tale of varied adventures in the cow country; particularly noteworthy for its descriptions of horses. Reviewed August 20.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. A volume of overwhelming revelation. Reviewed August 27.

Morgan the Magnificent, by John K. Winkler: Vanguard. The financier and collector is the subject of a readable and understanding if somewhat superficial biography.

William Howard Taft, by Herbert S. Duffy: Minton, Balch. A competent biography of a dearly loved "great man." Reviewed September 3.

Magazine Articles Recommended

When Animals Were Criminals, by Harry Hibschman. Forum, September.

From European court records the author has unearthed cases in which pigs, horses, rats, and even insects were solemnly tried, judged, and sentenced for "crimes" against society. Monstrous and ridiculous, yes—but Mr. Hibschman goes on to cite modern cases in which we are making the same fundamental error of "ascribing mental and moral freedom and capability of crime to all. We are punishing men, women, and children no more morally responsible than were the animals done to death by the ignorance and superstition of the Middle Ages. The will to commit crime is no more present in the one case than the other; and the concept of punishment is as irrational in the former as in the latter. We have little reason for unktion of the soul and humility would not unbecome us."

Passing the Buck, by Samuel Crowther. World's Work, September.

The President of the N. Y. Stock Exchange, Richard Whitney, recently made a plea for public confidence and realization that the market crash did not bring about a business recession, but vice versa. In this article Mr. Crowther emphasizes the point that the Administration can neither be blamed for depression nor expected to cure it. "It is not possible to change the thought of backward business overnight. That section of business—as always—cried loudly to high heaven and made a running dive into the cyclone cellar. Most of the present wailing comes from men who are below ground and just peeking out at the weather." As Dwight Morrow has said, "the most effective cure rests with business men themselves. There is no substitute for individual initiative, individual faith, and individual courage." And certainly, the author concludes, "the substitute will not be found in passing the buck—to Washington or anywhere else."

The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

SOME years ago at Yale, an American undergraduate was discussing a famous professor of English with a visiting British student who had heard him speak. "But his lectures are so dramatic!" exclaimed the American. "Are you sure you don't mean theatrical?" countered the Englishman. Gene Tunney himself could not have phrased the distinction more neatly.

Theatrical rather than dramatic is surely the word to apply to two otherwise quite dissimilar plays which have recently been presented in New York—*The Long Road* and *The Up and Up*. Both have a certain amount of effectiveness but neither comes off—on account, I believe, of a too obvious striving on the part of the authors to give the public what they think it wants.

The last thing I would ever do is make fun of the sacrifices which the actual combatants made in the late War. But questioning the sincerity of playwrights who take the War as their subject is another matter. Mr. Hugh Stange, the author of *The Long Road*, has had printed on the title page of the program a few sentences which are typical of the spirit in which the whole play is written. "A memory soaring back through the veil of misty years to a dim, floating fog—its greyish vapors alight with crimson flashes and the hollow rumble of heavy guns! September 29th, 1918 . . . Bony Ridge cloaked with the dead and fertile with the rich scarlet blood of the dying . . . and there his body hunched beneath the jagged shadow of a wooden cross . . . deep in the slimy mud of the Somme, is Private Joseph Craven, 107th Infantry, 27th Division, A.E.F. To him, my friend and comrade-in-arms, I solemnly and tremulously dedicate what I have written." There may be those who can accept Mr. Stange's purple patches and crimson flashes as he would like them to. To such as relish the above sample, I recommend the play.

In the hands of Jed Harris it is possible that *The Up and Up* might have been more than only occasionally amusing. It belongs definitely in the genre of *Broadway* and

The Front Page, and the producers have hired a lot of the same actors who were in those successes, but, except for a time in the second act, it never quite comes to life. Everybody—authors, director, and actors—seems to be trying too hard to achieve a result of the exact nature of which nobody is sure. A notable exception must be made in the case of the part and the performance of one Pat O'Brien who, by his complete ease, nonchalance and understanding, snatches practically all the honors away from his agitated colleagues.

The story has to do with bookmakers, speakeasies, a police raid on a phone room for taking bets on the races, and the efforts of a young woman to make herself "legitimate"—not as to the circumstances of her birth, but as to her status with the man she loves. The love story is totally false and it isn't helped a bit by some egregious miscasting of Sylvia Field and Donald MacDonald as underworld types. One or two of the bookies and their women are funny enough and possibly accurately observed, but most of the time the play flounders about in the borderland between comedy, farce and burlesque.

Some day I hope to see on the American stage a play about gangsters, policemen, and politicians which treats them with something like the detached, intelligent, and satirical amusement which is the point of view of M. Marcel Pagnol, the author of *Topaze*. American authors who deal with political subjects all seem to fall into one of two classes: either they are mere reporters who insist on spoiling their accurately observed local color by the injection of a synthetic love interest or melodrama, or they are crusaders for a cause. Why not a play which would show Mayor Walker or Senator Borah as the rather pathetically ridiculous figures they are, without getting morally worked up about it? The howls of glee which greeted the skit in the *Garrick Gaieties* about Grover Whalen's return to Wanamaker's would seem to indicate that there is a market for a great deal more of that sort of thing.

Guide to Current Plays

The First Mrs. Fraser: Pat, obvious, but well played by Grace George and Lawrence Grossmith.

The Green Pastures: A Negro miracle play which is strangely lustrous.

Up Pops the Devil: Much the funniest of the new season's attempts.

Ladies All: The other funny new one.

The Last Mile: Not for those who go to be amused. Grim and harrowing prison drama.

Lysistrata: Only Ernest Truex remains of the original principals. Maybe it's still laughable.

Strictly Dishonorable: This comedy hit is now in its second calendar year.

Topaze: Delightful French satire well acted by Frank Morgan.

Flying High: Bert Lahr at his best and good music.

Dancing Partner: Adaptation from the Hungarian by the Hattons. There's a good scene in an airplane in it.

Torch Song: The sex-religion theme again but with some good writing and acting.

Little Show: Bright, tuneful, and pleasant revue.

Garrick Gaieties: Not elaborate but often amusing. Four good songs, too.

►► The Movies ◀◀

►► Six Steps Down

GOOD morning, children of the psychopathic clinic! Today we are going to examine six lovely works of art from sunkist California. Some of the cases may appear dangerous, but don't you worry: teacher will protect you. That's what he's here for.

First let us consider a case titled *Call of the Flesh* with Ramon Novarro singing almost constantly, Dorothy Jordan and Renée Adorée. *Call of the Flesh!* Boy, this ought to be pretty sexy. Perhaps we better ask the girls to leave the room and pull down all the blinds . . . Boys! Boys! Wake up! What do you mean sleeping through a film called *Call of the Flesh*? Where's the old sex-consciousness this morning? What's the matter with good old baser instincts? Tsch, tsch, tsch, I don't know what we're coming to! Nobody seems to be able to keep awake. The last man dropped off when Mr. Novarro started singing "Vesta la Giubba" with a *real* breaking heart. As for the "flesh"—this is about as lascivious as *The Little Minister*.

Next we come to a big Al Jolson special called *Big Boy*—and frankly if the Warners give Jolson a few more like this he'll soon be pushing about with dark glasses and a tin cup full of pencils. *Big Boy* is a horse and Al Jolson sings him mammy songs in his stall. After some dull comedy business with a lot of villains they win the Kentucky Derby, and another trite, machine-made

By CREIGHTON PEET

movie is finished. The acting is terrible and the attempts at humor are pitiful.

Having been driven to the street by the first half hour of *Dixiana*, acutely ashamed of belonging to a human race

Worth Seeing

Abraham Lincoln: Walter Huston in D. W. Griffith's episodic story of Lincoln's life. A painstaking but sometimes too respectful film.

All Quiet on the Western Front: Remarque's novel transformed into a powerful and shattering war film. You absolutely must see this picture.

Animal Crackers: The four Marx Brothers are quite as outrageously funny on the screen as they were on the stage.

The Big House: Wallace Beery and a lot of other tough mugs shooting up a penitentiary.

Holiday: The beautiful Ann Harding in Philip Barry's charming and grown-up comedy.

Moby Dick: John Barrymore in a fanciful version of the old whaling story. Recommended for small boys.

Monte Carlo: A skillfully contrived light comedy with a few songs. Ernst Lubitsch directed.

Old English: George Arliss in an exact copy of his old stage play.

Romance: Greta Garbo's second talkie—she is a finer actress than ever, but the play is old-fashioned.

Storm Over Asia: Magnificent Soviet photography in Asia. Not as much propaganda as usual.

Sea God: Diverting melodrama about pearl divers, cannibals and ladies in distress.

Special Note: Many hay-fever sufferers find that the washed and refrigerated movie climate offers a temporary relief from wheezles and sneezles.

capable of such stupid piffle, I cannot honestly report on the film as a whole. *Dixiana* doubtless cost a lot of money and Bebe Daniels sings nicely. It is simply that it is such a labored and spiritless mess of stuff. Movie producers have about five stops in their atmospheric soda fountain. One is marked

"Spanish," another "Indian," another "High Life," another "Collegiate" and a fifth "Southern." *Dixiana* is emphatically "Southern."

Last of the Duanes: "Clipty-clop-clopty-clip-clipty-clop-bang! bang! bang!" In this talkie we have George O'Brien as the general utility hero of a naïve Zane Grey western. The backgrounds are unbelievably beautiful.

Three Faces East is a new edition of an old-fashioned spy drama with Constance Bennett and Eric Von Stroheim. How could we ever have thought this clumsy stuff was good a mere ten years ago? Von Stroheim's performance almost makes it good.

Follow Thru is a humorless and machine-made copy of a highly successful stage musical comedy. Nancy Carroll and Charles Buddy Rogers appear.

►► "Let's Go Native"

You either like this kind of comedy, or else you don't. It has more sheer idiocy than anything else—and sometimes it's pretty funny. The cast includes Jack Oakie, Jeanette MacDonald, Skeets Gallagher, Kay Francis and William Austin, and the scenario includes not only a shipwreck but the explosion and disappearance below the sea of a tropical island. Oakie is known as Voltaire McGinnis—due to the fact that his mother named him Walter and that the nurse was Jewish. Even on a desert island he cannot escape the queries as to the source of his name. There are some songs and dances, none of them very good, but they are brief and there is plenty of laughter in the meantime.

►► Garbo in Sweden

Our international reporter, recently returned from Sweden where Greta Garbo's silent film *The Single Standard* was playing, tells of a disquieting incident which practically ruined his afternoon. At the end of the first reel the word SLUT appeared on the screen in large letters, the lights came up, and the entire audience went out to have beer and sandwiches. After reinforcements, the people sat down and saw the second reel, after which the letters SLUT again appeared on the screen and the audience again sought food. This went on all afternoon because, it seems, "slut" is simply Swedish for "end," and the phrase corresponds to our old "End of Reel One," now happily extinct.



Amkino

PRIESTS BEFORE THE TEMPLE

In "Storm Over Asia," Pudovkin picked his cast from native Mongolians

▷▷ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◁◁

By W. R. BROOKS

AT ONE period in our chequered career we spent a good deal of time playing chess. Finding this too intellectual we switched to halma. Then with a friend we evolved a combination of the two, played on a halma board. It was an excellent game, whose only drawback was that it took six or eight hours to reach a decision. This allowed very little time for keeping the wolf from the door, so we at last gave it up. But just recently a game has come out, bearing the romantic name of Camelot, which is quite similar to the one we invented, but so simplified that it is possible to reach a decision without taking time out for meals. We won't attempt to give you a detailed description of how it is played, but if you like games of skill which are not too complicated, we recommend it to your attention.

▷▷ IF you yearn for the dear dead days to the extent of wishing to install a private bar or tap room in your home, the Fowler Contracting Company will do a fine job for you. Complete in every detail, they yet take up surprisingly little room, and the cabinet work is all beautifully done.

▷▷ THERE'S an outdoor-indoor playhouse for the children, complete with door and shutters, and measuring 48 inches high, 36 wide and 39 long, which you can get for two dollars and a half. It folds up to put away, too. Size folded: 42 by 29 by 2 inches.

▷▷ A FORM of iodine excellent for traveling is Iodabs. These are match-like sticks, tipped with a new dry form of iodine soluble in water. Wet the tip with water and apply. This iodine won't blister and the stain fades in a few hours. The Iodabs come twelve in a glass bottle, and there is also a metal tube to carry in pocket or purse, which will hold three or four of the sticks.

▷▷ A NEW contraption for holding four or six keys is horribly named the Yank-Key-Doodl. Yet it is compact, fits flat in the pocket, and what's more, you don't need a set of burglar's tools to get a key out.

▷▷ IF you have a room you'd like to panel in walnut, oak or mahogany, why not consider Flexwood? It's real wood, sliced very thin and backed with canvas. Very flexible, can be applied to curved surfaces, and is put on like wall

paper. Costs, the manufacturer tells us, one-third to one-half the lowest cost of old-fashioned wood panels.

▷▷ WE'RE not collecting horrible names, but we'd like to call your attention to the C'Lector, another of those boxes which hold several kinds of cigarettes. This one has a dial on the front, and you turn the dial to the brand you want, then open the box and there it is. Made in mahogany and tooled leather.

▷▷ A BIT of Sterno put in the little Mystery Ship and lighted will send it racing about the bathtub to the delight of small bathers—and of their fathers, mothers, cousins, sisters and aunts.

▷▷ IF YOU LIKE to seal your letters in wax with your family crest or your initials you can get an electric letter sealer. This gadget has a thing on the top on which your device is engraved; in the base is a heating element. Press the button, hold the hot base over a wax wafer (a supply of which in various colors comes with the outfit) until said wafer begins to bubble, then reverse and press down your seal. Much easier to handle than stick sealing wax and a candle, and you aren't so likely to burn your fingers.

▷▷ RALPH DE PALMA has been at work perfecting a supercharger which, attached above the regular carburetor of a Ford car, is said to increase speed and mileage ten per cent, and acceleration thirty per cent. Deriving its power from the crank shaft, it draws gasoline from the carburetor, mixes it in the proper proportions, and forces it into the cylinders under compression. The supercharger will soon be available for other makes of cars.

▷▷ THE Edge-lite vanitee is a triple mirror, the two wings of which are hinged on a metal frame which is slotted across the bottom and halfway up each side of the center mirror, to permit two electric light sockets to be adjusted at any height or angle.

▷▷ MUDGUARDS for stockings! The Ball-Band Rubber Co. has attached them to women's light-weight rubbers. They're just a flap which can be snapped back inconspicuously against the shoe when the rain is over, but they really work.

▷▷ In This Issue ◁◁

HAROLD BRAYMAN is Washington correspondent for the *New York Evening Post*, and specializes in politics. Mr. Brayman is also a frequent contributor to the magazines.

DARWIN TEILHET is a former resident of Philadelphia and is now in the employ of one of the largest advertising agencies in San Francisco. Mr. Teilhet's latest contribution to the Outlook was "Those Dirty Crooks."

DON WHARTON is a Southerner by birth, formerly residing in North Carolina. Mr. Wharton, who has been serving on the staff of the *New York Herald-Tribune* has just joined the staff of the Outlook.

ZELDA F. POPKIN has long been engaged in newspaper and publicity work. She is also a frequent contributor to the magazines.

▷▷ Next Week ◁◁

The Dry Decade, by Charles Merz.

In the first instalment of his history of prohibition, the author outlines the three waves of legislation which constituted the early prohibition movement and reviews the part played by the Anti-Saloon League up to 1917. Among the curiosities that mark the history of the movement is the fact that such states as Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New York had all adopted prohibition laws by 1855. Mr. Merz analyzes the geographical distribution of the dries and describes the situation as it existed at the time of our entry into the World War.

Detroit Apes Chicago, by Frederic L. Smith.

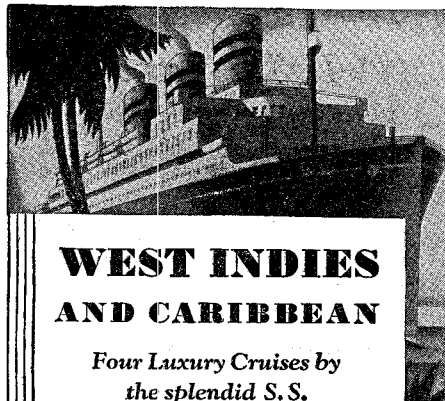
That the voters of Detroit should have recalled Mayor Charles Bowles, whose administration was characterized by graft, crime and a strong alliance between politics and the underworld, culminating in the murder of radio announcer Gerald E. Buckley, is highly commendable, but that they should have chosen the impractical and little experienced Frank Murphy in his place is somewhat quixotic. Mr. Smith analyzes Detroit's political situation and explains how its voters were won over by the persuasions of William Randolph Hearst.

A Citizen Looks at the Farmer, by Maynard D. Follin.

The trouble with many who consider the question of farm relief, the author declares, is that they deal with the farmers "as though they formed a homogeneous group, whereas the 'farmers' separate obviously into two large divisions, whose needs are diametrically opposed." Mr. Follin distinguishes between "those who farm as a business and those who farm as a living." The former are well supplied with capital and in a position to ask favors in Washington. The latter are inexperienced, almost always in debt, and usually buy more land than they can profitably use. Incompetent as generally are the members of this second class, the author feels that something can be done to help them. The remedy lies in the reduction or cancellation of taxes and the inculcation of a willingness to accept competent advice as to what to raise and how to raise it.

Profits for Wives, by Emily Newell Blair.

If a woman works for a man for twenty-five years, runs his house and bears his children, it is only fair, the author claims, that she should at the end of that time have something to show for her labor besides her board and clothes. Many husbands are already sharing profits with their wives. The custom is growing. It is even possible to incorporate the home. Mrs. Blair feels that this should be encouraged as the best way in which to assure the wife that her children will inherit their share of the husband's profits. The only way the American wife can now be sure of this is by outliving her husband.



WEST INDIES AND CARIBBEAN

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Free Advice to Business Men

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

IF OUR busy captains of industry will only listen they will hear today a new kind of note from some of their self-constituted advisers. A few months ago they were being offered all sorts of comforting assurances; there was really no depression, or at least not enough to worry about, and everything was all right, or soon would be. But now these comforters have dropped their little messages of sunshine and have turned to scolding. They are calling our merchants and manufacturers defeatists and are sure that it is nothing but fear which is now retarding business recovery.

Several newspapers recently carried an advertisement which reproduced an article by a well-known financial editor in England. This article was in effect a lecture to the American business man, plainly intimating to him that he was a boob for not reaching out and plucking the wealth that lay within his reach. It conveyed the startling information that good American dollars "are now being sold for 30 cents" and that "the way to make a fortune is to buy from pessimists." This censor of American business conduct finally concluded that "This silly depression has gone on long enough," and in tones of command he urged us to "get rid of it."

One may be pardoned for inquiring why this critic does not first convert his own countrymen to his doctrine that prosperity is merely a matter of boldness. They need it far more than we do. Their depression has extended over years, while ours has lasted only months. If he could demonstrate the efficacy of his formula where it would do the most good he would not need to propound it on this side of the Atlantic. The industrialists and financiers over here whom he deems so timid would apply it in their businesses the moment it began to show results overseas.

BUT some of our native-born commentators are harping on the same theme. A financial weekly arriving in today's mail deplores the "widespread inertia of financial leadership and business initiative and laments that "no moves are being made to rescue business from the bears' claws." Even former President Coolidge seems to have been influenced by this new chorus of criticism and in one of his daily syndicated articles he attributes much of the recent stagnation to fear, which he says is creating a "icious

circle of smaller sales, less (sic) people employed and decreased buying power." A certain New York newspaper chimes in with an article shaming Americans for having less confidence than foreigners now have in the economic future of the United States.

This is a new note, but in one way it reflects progress toward business recovery in spite of the poor quality of some of the advice which is offered gratuitously to the business man. It is useless, of course, to urge a manufacturer to be bold and start his plant to running at full capacity when he has no orders for goods and has a large surplus on hand awaiting buyers. Nor is it the quintessence of wisdom to tell a merchant that he should buy more goods when his shelves are already loaded. And it will take more than a hypnotist to convince a farmer that his bold venturing with a larger acreage is going to improve the price of his wheat or cotton in the world market.

FEW things are so easy as telling another fellow how to run his job. The trouble with these latest critics is their inability to distinguish between watchful waiting and timidity. They confuse prudence with fear. There is probably such a thing as psychological depression, just as there is a kind of psychological boom. But an economic condition which is due entirely to a state of mind will necessarily be short-lived. Certainly a condition so widespread as the depression of 1929-30 must owe its existence to something more than fear and the imagining of vain things. Three million people in this country have not been thrown out of work and general production has not been curtailed one-fourth merely because some business leaders have mistakenly supposed that something was wrong somewhere.

Any picture which represents American business men as standing shivering on the bank and afraid to take the plunge is wrong. They are standing there, to be sure, but instead of letting "I would" wait on "I dare not" they are eagerly watching for signs of the incoming tide so that they can take the plunge without splitting their heads on the hard bottom. It is not fear they show, but caution, and caution born of the experience of reckless plunging a year or so ago. Instead of being scolded they really ought to be commended for this new attitude.

In spite of its palpable absurdities

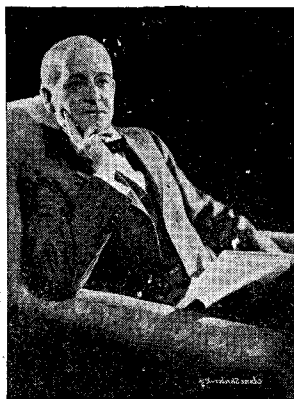
this new tendency to scold is worth some attention because it reflects certain significant changes in the business situation. We never hear this critical tone until the worst of the depression is over, and for that reason it may be regarded as a favorable symptom. The scolding has now taken the place of the Pollyanna talk we heard in the first stages of the reaction. Many of the commentators six months ago could not bring themselves to admit the existence of depression. When the big break in stocks came last November they had to concede that this was bad, but they hastened to assure the country that this had no connection whatever with general business, which was as sound and prosperous as ever. And what happened in the stock market was depicted by a Yale economist as merely the equivalent of a run of frightened depositors on a solvent bank—a passing flurry, with the laugh being turned on those who had been so easily stamped.

OF COURSE, the logic of events has rendered such a thesis no longer tenable. Since it is no longer possible to deny the existence of depression it seems now the fashion to admit it but to blame the business men themselves for its continuance. All that is needed is for them to show a little nerve and to be good sports.

Now, as already indicated, this in a way spells progress. Something is accomplished by the elimination of the ostrich-like optimism which always appears in the acute phase of an industrial recession. Back in 1920, when the depression of that year was at its maximum, somebody with more imagination than humor tried to get trade associations to adopt as their slogan, "Business is better than ever," and to urge their members to print this at the top of all their office stationery. Whether any concerns ever followed this suggestion the record does not show; but what matter? It would have made no difference anyway.

The effect of such devices is never what is intended. They cannot bring back prosperity; on the contrary, they tend, so far as they have any effect at all, to retard the readjustment which is essential to the return of normal conditions. We now see this sort of thing being dropped, and this reflects a disposition to face unpleasant facts rather than to deny them. That is the best way to get rid of the trouble. The scolding and fault-finding which has followed the abandonment of sunshine-spreading is an unimportant by-product. It may not be deserved, but it will certainly do no harm.

Your Financial Course—



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a policy in the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY is the first step to be taken. It is a standard contract approved by the Department of Insurance of the State of New York. It combines (a) indemnity against death, (b) total disability benefits, (c) savings in the reserve accumulations. For these good considerations and for an *extra reason* its policy has been highly favored and taken out by many. What is that extra reason? *Dealing Direct—acting as your own agent.*

By the POSTAL'S "direct" or non-agency method, you make a substantial saving, 9½ per cent, which can be immediately invested in more life insurance or used for other purposes. Because of the resulting economies of 9½ per cent—a commission dividend credited to policyholders—about one-tenth more insurance can be taken, \$11,000 instead of \$10,000; \$110,000 rather than \$100,000.

How Lapse Is Prevented

This 9½ per cent. commission-dividend, guaranteed each year as premiums are paid, gives POSTAL policyholders a better break—a distinct advantage over all others. It saves much overhead expense also, which improves the contingent dividend. The POSTAL COMPANY does not need to pay out money year by year, or month by month as in some companies, to influence policyholders to keep up their policies. They keep them paid up themselves quite naturally. That's the reason the lapse-rate is low in the POSTAL. Without cost to the Company, the guaranteed dividend prompts its policyholders to renew their payments; they preserve that pleasant profit for themselves and often take out additional insurance. This is an automatic retentive force operating in the Company's every household. It eliminates the cost of maintaining the usual conservation department.

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Every one prizes highly what he has studied out and done for himself, and has in hand the reward for it. The POSTAL LIFE operates on that principle. Those who can think and act for themselves become its policyholders. It draws its own kind as a magnet attracts steel filings, having on other metals no drawing-power. Its kind is increasing. More are seeking it. They will find it, for the POSTAL is lighting up the way to itself. That is what this advertisement is doing. It is your time now to act—to write and find out for yourself: you will be pleased with the POSTAL'S method. It will send you such information as will meet your needs on any form of life or endowment insurance.

As a company operating without personal representatives, it has a background of much interest and a special claim upon intending insurers.

What Sustains and Commends the Company

Standard Policy Reserves, resources over \$22,000,000; Standard policy provisions approved by the New York State Insurance Department; Operating under strict requirements of New York State; Subject to the United States Postal authorities everywhere.

The Record Shows

There have been paid to policyholders, \$37,972,032 as follows:

On claims by death	\$14,957,668
In maturing Endowments	1,809,200
In Surrender Values and Dividends ..	4,444,079
In Loans on Policies	16,761,085

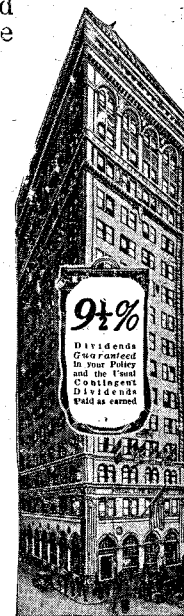
See how easy POSTAL Method Is!

Simply use the coupon or write and say, "Mail me Insurance Information." Be sure to give your full name, your occupation and exact date of birth. Information as to any form of Life or Endowment Insurance will be gladly furnished you. Your inquiry will receive prompt attention by mail. We desire to co-operate with you directly, and have you think out your problems from documentary matter submitted. We invite you to call at our office if you can find it convenient.

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WM. R. MALONE, Pres.

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Postal Life Building
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511 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me full information about a policy you recommend.

Name

Address

Occupation

EXACT DATE OF BIRTH

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Prison Keeper

IT WAS on a fair Sunday morning, and the prison keeper having watched the sun carefully all through breakfast had decided upon an outing.

In his new car. He changed first into his new summer suit, since the sun was shining more brightly every minute and it seemed likely to be hot; then he decided upon his soft cap since you never could tell when to expect motor trouble and he might have to get out of the car just as a slight rain storm—; and finally he took his overcoat down from its hanger, as the weather might easily turn cold by evening. His money he had shifted from the old trousers to the new. His license, yes—now he was sure he had his license, and he closed the door upon his quarters, crossed the prison yard, and let himself into the outside grounds.

On his way to the shed where the car was housed he knew a cautious feeling of warmth, of approbation. Other fellows no better than himself—no richer—did not have these Sunday morning advantages. But he had always been a careful, saving sort of man, and it was his own nature that he had to thank. He was always one to hold himself down. Other fellows in his place might have let themselves go—girls—good times—little games. And nothing to show for it.

But not him, he told himself, as he turned the padlock (his own) on the catch of the shed. And now he had a car to ride around in, all on account of saving and holding himself down.

Once inside the shed, he took out a key from his pocket and with a feeling of restrained elation unlocked the door of his car. Then he put the key back in his pocket, took out a second key and unlocked the gear. Not much danger, he reminded himself soberly, of this car being stolen. He wasn't one to waste money on any high priced insurance policy; he didn't have to.

As he climbed deliberately into the driver's seat, deliberately turned the switch, put his foot on the self-starter, he was thinking yes, and he had gained more than his car through his habit of carefulness and saving. He had gained his character. And if he said so himself it was as good and dependable and honest a character as was needed by a prison keeper. He couldn't say better than that; as the car heaved backward out of the shed.

His ear, listening more attentively to the car than to his thoughts, knew that something was wrong. For a moment he sat quietly and listened to the running engine. Hiccough. Stagger. On again. He shook his head. If he got out on the road with this (and him not knowing anything about an engine) it might run him into trouble. And a heap of money.

Presently, he shut off the engine and stooping down locked the gear. Stepping out he locked the door again and set off towards the prison. It was enough to sober a man, he reflected on his way over, to have so much power over men; in a position of importance like his own. Well, he guessed he had earned that position. Through his own character. He guessed he had a right this time—

On his way back to the car another man was with him, a young man with an eager face and in his eye the keen far look of an eagle.

"You ain't supposed to be let out Sundays when your guard is off," the keeper was saying, "but since you're out with him every day on this kind of work I figured I'm as good a guard as any while you take a look at this engine. They say," he added grudgingly, "they say as there's nothing you don't know. About engines."

As he unlocked the gear and started the engine, the keeper couldn't help going on with his thoughts about the young fellow with the face like an eagle. Watching him poised above the engine, swooping, and darting and still.

"Like a bird," thought the keeper cautiously, "that's how they say they come to look. Only aviator I ever saw, close to. Only one we ever had in this place."

Indeed, as he thought it, standing close beside the young man, the sudden incredible picture flashed before his mind of a great plane aimless in the clouds, crashing by accident through the stone walls of a prison.

"Lucky for my engine," his thoughts finished hastily.

For the engine was humming now as smoothly as a purring cat. The young man had sprung into the driver's seat and was testing her out—was in gear—was running swiftly down the drive—

"Hey—stop!" shouted the keeper. But he was a careful man and he saved his further breath. Staring from throbbing eyeballs at his lost car, his character, his job, as they vanished into distance, into air—he knew catastrophe when he saw it.

To remedy this the association has issued a brochure titled *Spiritual Wick- edness in High Places*. Bertrand Russell is attacked for his book *Education and the Good Life* and John Dewey and Glenn Frank are parboiled in inquisi- tional style for their support of it.

Apropos fidelity in marital relations, the brochure quotes Mr. Russell:

I shall not teach that faithfulness to one partner through life is in any way de- sirable, or that permanent marriage should be regarded as excluding tem- porary episodes . . . Relations involving children should be permanent if possible, but should not necessarily on that ac- count be exclusive.

Then, after quotations from Dr. Dewey and Dr. Frank, the three are condemned to the everlasting fires by a simple paragraph starting:

"But Jesus said. . ."

Over the land there are many quoting the Bible and stalking from home to home, from office to office, with the dreams of Bryan Memorial University in their brief cases. Back of them is the Committee of One Hundred, national in scope, linked with more than a dozen evangelistical orders, revealing more than anything else the nature of the university's clientele.

The Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton was a member of this committee until he passed the way of Bryan. Other strong men stand in his shoes today, ferociously fighting the devil of modernism amid their struggles against more personal foes. There is William D. Upshaw, former United States Representative from Georgia, who had rallied many a pro- hibition audience, F. Scott McBride, general superintendent of the Anti- Saloon League, and Dr. Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

There are Governor John G. Richards of South Carolina, and former Governor Victor Donahey, of Ohio, both begetters of large families, and Governor H. H. Horton, of Tennessee. All Democrats and all strong men for party, God, and dear old Bryan U.

There are other men, presidents of four institutions such as Queens College, John M. Snead Seminary, John Fletcher College, and the Northern Baptist The- ological Seminary; representatives of such organizations as the Bible Insti- tute of Los Angeles, Redpath Chautau- qua, National Evangelistic Bureau, Winona Assembly and Bible Conference,

Lord's Day Alliance, World Peace Commission, Bible Crusaders of America, Interdenominational Evangelistic Association, National Bible Institute and the Christian Family Crusade.

Such is the support for Bryan Memorial University. No wonder they do not care to hide their strict doctrines. No wonder they are frank and fearless. Then is much good soil for their seed, and they have plowed it with great devotion. Systematically they have reaped the harvest of seven states—\$347,000, they say, from Tennessee; \$110,000 from New York; \$104,000 from Georgia; \$100,000 from Pennsylvania; \$65,000 from Florida, and \$50,000 each from New Jersey and North Carolina.

Today the Bryan legions are preparing to invade Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. A \$150,000 booty is in sight. Again and again they will tell farmer and churchman the old, old story of a university rising to honor the Commoner and curse Clarence Darrow. But the honor is scant and the curses will hardly be heard beyond the bounds of Rhea County, whose men already swear exceedingly well. Soon they will be swearing by the academy on the hill. But they will call it university.

Hooverizing the Press

(Continued from Page 125)

witchery not only upon Washington correspondents but also editorial writers of papers whose heads are so entertained.

I have in mind one executive who was a presidential guest. His correspondent was later directed to write a feature article about Hoover's accomplishments during the first year. The story, not overcrowded with recital of complimentary exploits, was praised when received but later discarded when the eye of the White House guest caught it.

Any Washington correspondent could suggest numerous instances of this character. Another interesting one concerns a newspaper which was criticizing the delegation at the London Naval Conference rather severely last winter. The editorials were being cabled to London and being reprinted there to the embarrassment of the delegates. After they had communicated with Washington, a responsible executive was suddenly invited to the White House. Immediately afterward the editorials in this paper, although it is an anti-administration publication, were toned down noticeably.

The method of obtaining favorable publicity by personal contact is not new. It is known by every politician. The extent to which the President's invita-

tions are governed by political design rather than personal friendship or desire for information is always a question which cannot be answered with certainty. Doubtless President Hoover is quite sincere in most of it, but the fact that he is not entirely oblivious to the personal benefits derived is shown by an incident last winter.

It was decided that Charles Michelson, publicity man for the Democratic National committee, was doing the Hoover administration so much damage by his stream of tariff releases that the Republicans must have a press agent to counteract his influence. The President



Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of September 20, 1930

The Federal Health Commissioner, proceeding under the recently revised anti-noise statute, has ordered that in all public parks fountains shall be provided with mufflers.

In a unanimous resolution at its annual convention, the Endurance Record League protested against the fact that the Des Moines Tribune devoted only fourteen columns (daily average) to the recent grandmothers' rocking chair marathon.

Ruth Frye McChesney, nominated in August for Senator of Indiana on the issue of "Keep the United States out of the League of Nations!" expressed her willingness to advocate our becoming a member of the League if the September referendum showed that the voters of the state so desired.



looked in vain for the man. Senator George H. Moses suggested William Hard, a radio political analyst and syndicate writer as well as member of the "medicine ball cabinet," but was informed that Mr. Hard was too valuable to the President where he was to be disturbed. Besides, he would probably refuse. Whereupon some time later James L. West, Associated Press correspondent assigned to the White House, was appointed.

Why the Washington correspondents as a whole are interested in information very little concerned in serving as instruments to promote the political fortunes and popularity of the President seems to be beyond the comprehension—and the forgiveness—of Mr. Hoover.

The President is apparently losing little of the sensitiveness about the things that are written of him with which he came to the White House. He is far more sensitive than Wilson, whose contempt of public opinion helped him;

How my Deafness was Overcome



By a simple, inexpensive, invisible method I, myself, discovered, after being 20 years deaf, will be told, FREE, to any deaf person who writes me. Geo. H. Wilson, Pres., WILSON EAR DRUM CO., 403 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky., U.S.A.



SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today. THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Springfield, Mass. Dept. 58.

SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL School of Nursing

Southampton, L. 1. 8-hour day. 2½ year course—monthly allowance \$15. Scholarship prizes. Ideal living conditions. Requirements 2 years High School. Write school principal for information.

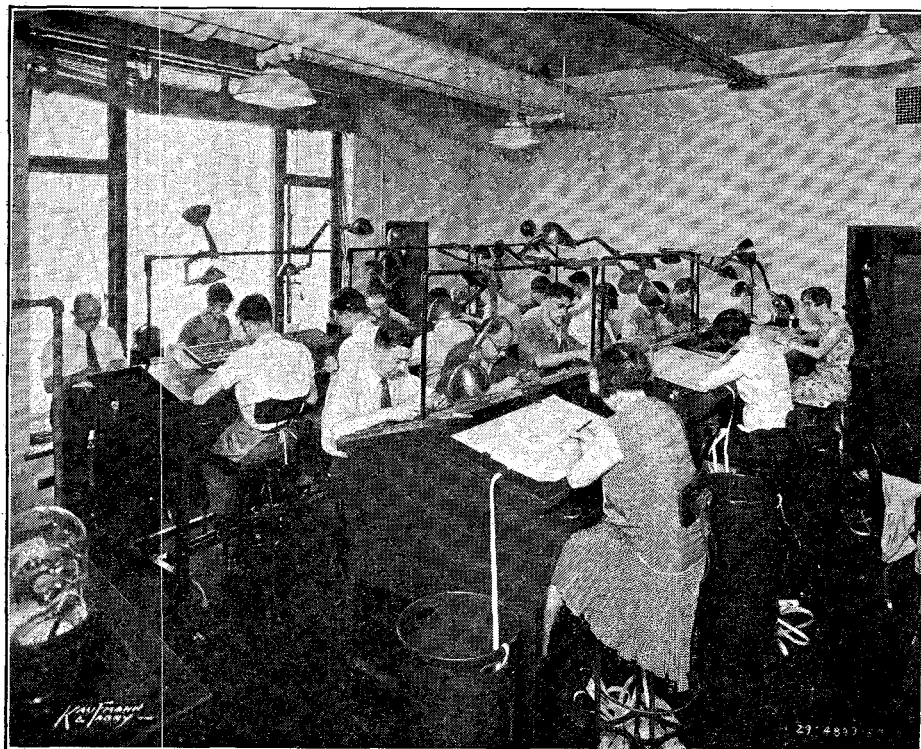
SCHOOL INFORMATION

FREE Catalogs of all Boarding Schools and camps in U. S. Rates. Advice from official inspections. 24th year. State Chartered Free Bureau. Apply American Schools' Association 1212 Times Bldg., N. Y., or Stevens Bldg., Chicago.

than Harding, who was too thoroughly trained in the rough and tumble of politics; or Coolidge, whose skin was so thick that he did not mind and could smile at the man who ridiculed. Hoover, more humorless than Coolidge, cannot forgive the man who ridicules him.

LET no one think that he does not know what is said about him. No more careful scrutiny of the daily dispatches of Washington correspondents was ever made by any President. Nor is it infrequently that objection is made to things that have been written. Hoover and those around him cannot understand why it is when information is not available that correspondents should speculate on what is going on. Lawrence Richey, former detective and now a member of the secretariat, became highly incensed on the Rapidan camp one Sunday during the summer because the correspondents had written stories surmising that the purpose of calling several Republican leaders to the mountain lodge just before the meeting of the Republican National committee had been at least partially to discuss the troublesome question of Claudius Huston. Richey notified the correspondents that such speculation must stop, and informed them that he did not have to tell them who came to the camp. It was a bland intimation that unless stories were written that did not displease the President the correspondents would be left high and dry for information over the week-ends. Mr. Hoover apparently feels that, though chief executive, he should still have a certain degree of private life. After a year and a half he does not yet realize that the absence of this is the price the Presidency exacts.

Not only is it difficult to obtain information at the White House beyond that which the President wants to have



Setting market quotations in a newspaper ticker room

printed, but his reluctance to answer questions seems contagious.

In one government department this has gone so far that newspapermen are not allowed to see any individual without first obtaining the permission of the press agent and explaining to him in detail the purpose prompting the interview, whereupon he arranges the meeting if he thinks well of the idea. In cases where the questions might be embarrassing, the press agent has a habit of finding the individual who is sought extremely busy and delays are frequently necessary—delays sometimes so great that the news value of the information is gone before it can be obtained. That is particularly true with afternoon newspapers where speed is essential. This arrangement obviously kills all possibility of a newspaperman simply drifting about talking casually with members of a department until he encounters information the existence of which he did not suspect.

Cabinet officers would probably rise in affronted indignation if it were suggested that this system had any resemblances to censorship. They would call it co-operation to secure accuracy and would explain how it is designed to aid the newspapermen by placing at their disposal a man who is supposed to be acquainted with the activities of all the bureaus. As a matter of fact, with one or two exceptions, the press agents have little idea what is going on in their departments, and they are individuals of so little influence that they can speak with authority on nothing. Furthermore, their activities consist solely in supply-

ing information on routine occurrences. One of them admitted to me that his job was to suppress news, not to provide it. Their existence, and the difficulties in seeing responsible officials, makes for the concealment of all information on things that are being proposed, suggested and discussed, publication of which might stir up opposition to contemplated action and make it embarrassing to go on.

The clamping down of the lid, usually accomplished with some finesse, has even occurred openly and publicly in some cases. A year ago there was a storm of protest against the distribution of a pamphlet prepared by the prohibition bureau in respect to teaching in the schools the superiority of prohibition as a method of liquor control. The protest was so strong and so widespread that the bureau had to withdraw the pamphlet, the existence of which had originally been discovered through a subordinate. Orders were promptly issued that no one lower in rank than Dr. James M. Doran, chief of enforcement, was to give any information to newspapers. No further chances were to be taken of future storms arising from the indiscretions of subordinates, even if those indiscretions happened to be the truth.

Now prohibition enforcement is in the Department of Justice which has standing orders that no one except Attorney General Mitchell, a few people immediately around him, and the press agent shall give out any information, no matter how trivial, or how limited to departmental routine. Even the first

of the assistant attorneys general declined to give me information as to the status of the demand of Representative George Holden Tinkham for the prosecution of Bishop Cannon for violation of the Corrupt Practices Act.

President Hoover may be very anxious for the public to have full and complete information about the activities of the executive branch of the government, but if he is there is a strange unanimity about the way his subordinates carry out his will. But doubtless this is a mystery which the non-engineering-minded press cannot hope to understand.

Drought in the Social Register

(Continued from Page 127)

débutante of the season in an effort to appear smart."

Perhaps she was not familiar with Thomas Beer's malicious but truthful observation that the current custom of prohibition was begun by emotion-starved, middle-class, middle Western matrons. They would undoubtedly have felt very much honored to be included in Mrs. Ruth G. K. Strawbridge's select circle of friends. What is important, what most astute advertising men and propagandists know, is that it is not at all necessary for the success of her campaign to have the fashionable element actually uphold prohibition. It is the effect on the great masses of people which is important. To influence them, they only must be made to believe that the fashionable element upholds prohibition.

The very observant Everett Dean Martin remarked in his book, *The Behavior of Crowds*, written nearly a decade ago: "Whenever we take up a new idea as a crowd, we at once turn it into a catchword or a fad. Faddism, instead of being merely a hunger for the new is rather an expression of the crowd-will to uniformity. To be 'old-fashioned' and out of date is as truly to be a non-conformist as to be a freak or an originator. Faddism is neither radicalism nor a symptom of progress. It is a mark of the passion for uniformity or *the conservation of the crowd-mind*."

Mrs. Ruth G. K. Strawbridge (or more probably the prohibitionist leaders remaining in the background, directing her campaign) has evidently decided that the same mass-psychology which was adapted so fruitfully to commercial products by using paid testimonials from social leaders can be applied with equal good fortune to bolstering up the prohibition movement. With enough backing it is surprisingly easy to start a fad, or "vogue" as Mrs. Ruth G. K. Straw-

bridge terms it, providing that the crowd-mind can be ballyhooed into believing that the vogue has the approval of the four hundred.

Out of 2300 letters sent out in Philadelphia, her home city, there were 1454 favorable replies to base the snob campaign on. But according to the proponents of this campaign: "From these figures it does not seem that society is flowing with liquor." The very turn of the phrase, "flowing with liquor," shows the clever propagandist in full action.

"This letter was sent as a challenge to the sportsmanship of which society boasts. It has been said that society was 'wringing' wet. Having seen no evidence of this myself, I decided to sound out sentiment among other society matrons."

This is another example of the "flowing with liquor" type of exaggerated statement which was so successfully used in the prohibition pamphlets of twenty and thirty years ago. Mrs. Strawbridge must be very much of a recluse if her intention is to say, as the majority of her readers will certainly believe, that she has seen no evidence of drinking in society!

Can it be possible that Mrs. Strawbridge did not read about the society bootleggers who were arrested during the criminal shake-up in her own city last year? For nearly two weeks Philadelphia papers carried the story about the lists of names of smart hosts and hostesses which were found on these enterprising, prosperous bootleggers. According to her "The bootlegger 'crashed' the drawing room for a brief time, but society is now putting him in his place." In view of the increasing prosperity of the numerous companies which now contract to make your wine for you—a process so expensive that only society in the more favored income brackets can afford it—the place of the bootlegger is evidently in the cellar where he belongs.

It is not enough to point out that other women of just as assured social positions as Mrs. Ruth G. K. Strawbridge are against prohibition. Many distinguished names such as Mrs. William B. Bristow, Mrs. Gibson Fahnestock, Mrs. Charles Russell, Mrs. Ellen Vanderbilt Fitzsimmons and Miss Maude P. Wetmore are signed to a public statement that "prohibition at present is fundamentally wrong." But these statements have not the force of Mrs. Ruth G. K. Strawbridge's campaign. They lack her tremendous appeal to the crowd-mind's passion for being "in the vogue."

There is a deliberate smugness about her allegations which are just assured enough, just pitched to the right patronizing note, to influence many women with vague yearnings for social promi-

FOR RENT

NEW JERSEY—Large eleven room house, 6 bedrooms and 3 baths, in the Watchung section of Montclair seven minutes from station. Extensive grounds. Heated garage holds two cars with servants' rooms above. For details call Montclair 3327 or write Outlook.

BOX 1431

Outlook and Independent



nence. The power of this type of women should not be underestimated. Our fantastically constructed social system provides at least half a million determined, ambitious women who would give a good deal more than their eye teeth to crash into the blue lists of society by associating themselves with Mrs. Ruth G. K. Strawbridge. And this admirable and shrewd Quaker lady knows it.

The Tent Show Turns to Sex

(Continued from Page 130)

church, there is for relief the inevitable comedy character who is a village half-wit, a derelict uncle, a good natured drunk or a humorous dorky.

Or would you prefer to know what every daughter should learn?

Well, there were two daughters. One wore tortoise shell glasses, read books on personal magnetism and was writing a novel. She was father's darling and mother's ugly duckling. The other stole the funds of the Civic League to buy a new dress and to catch a new man. She was mother's darling. The ugly duckling learned to wear clothes, to practise personal magnetism, to catch a man, and the publishers snapped up her novel, but her sister learned a bitter lesson: One must never go to roadhouses for road houses get raided, and in the scuffle you are apt to lose your man; one must be generous and forgiving, lest Cinderella walk off with the prince. Even mother and father do a little learning—mother that all is not gold that glitters, and that ugly ducklings turn into swans, and good old dad finds out that he was really meant to be a real estate salesman out in God's own sunshine.

This is the strong stuff that has suc-



ceeded *East Lynne* and *Uncle Tom*. Not the dialect tragedies of the Carolina mountaineers, the austere drama of life on a New England farm, but this, the sex comedy drama of the tent show is our own folk drama—the full length portrait of the American soul. No less naively amusing than was *After Dark*, no less reflective of its period than *Fashion*, it demonstrates again that the stage, particularly the stage which amuses the simple folk, is the mirror of the times. Some Christopher Morley of the future will doubtless rediscover these quaint gems of American folklore a century hence, so that another ribald generation may make holiday.

A Little Flyer on Bobby

(Continued from Page 142)

the qualifiers to sixty-four—a number more than sufficient to include every man with any remote possibility of winning. The elimination trials could be held a month in advance of the tournament. Those who failed would not have paid out railroad fares and hotel expenses in a futile venture.

Start the sixty-four survivors at thirty-six hole match play on Monday of the championship week. Reducing the field by half each night would narrow the issue down to the two finalists on Saturday, and every match would be over the thirty-six hole route, thus diminishing the likelihood of fluky upsets.

The "last sixteen" of the previous year could be accorded the privilege of automatically qualifying for the ensuing championship. The proven top-notchers would thus be exempt from the mental strain incidental to elimination tests at stroke play. If they retrograded, they would automatically be compelled to qualify.

The sixty-four plan would focus interest on match play golf; decrease flukes; give young blood a fair chance; save non-qualifiers their traveling expenses, and stimulate gallery interest. Surely it is worth a trial.

With Our Writers

Editors' Note

Believing that the question of prohibition is the most important political issue of the day, the Editors of the Outlook and Independent invited a group of representative men and women to submit their views on the subject—whether or not they supported or were opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment. Among those who replied are:

Professor Charles A. Beard, author of the *Rise of American Civilization*; Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, Director of the Smithsonian Institute; Miss Lillian D. Wald, Director of the Henry Street Settlement, New York; Henry S. Canby, Editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*; Dr. James Harvey Robinson, author of the *Mind in the Making*; Professor A. G. Keller of Yale University; Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, author and Democratic Party leader, and Dr. M. C. Winternitz, Dean of the Yale University Medical School. Their opinions are published in this, and the succeeding issue.

Moral Slugging

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

New York

SIR—A hundred years ago alcoholic beverages were taken for granted. Total abstinence suggested eccentricity. The clergy, had they felt the slightest necessity for defending current habits, could have cited abundant sanctions from the Bible. Had not the Psalmist blessed the Lord for the wine that "maketh glad the heart of man?" Were we not commanded by Solomon to give strong drink to the bitter in soul, "so that he shall remember his misery no more?" Did not Jesus himself come eating and drinking? When bidden to a wedding where the guests exhausted the supply of wine, had he not converted the water in six stone pots containing two or three firkins each—amounting in all to two or three fifty gallon casks—into such remarkable wine that the ruler of the feast complimented the bridegroom on its excellence?

As time went on, those who believed everything in the Bible to be true began to overlook these cheerful passages and cite only the few denunciations of excess which they could turn up. Recently the chairman of the W.C.T.U. said that she did not believe that Jesus ever drank fermented wine. This means of course that for one reason or another "drinking" has in the past hundred years become immoral to great numbers of religious people. A whole book could be written on the gradual but general discredit into which "liquor" had fallen before the opening of the World War. Complicated historical changes underlie this dispute which extended to large classes who were not especially religious. I think that at least three considerations are important in converting "temperance" into "abstinence" and licensing and excise into federal prohibition.

Firstly, it is obvious enough that drunkenness has become a fearful menace in our crowded, scurrying age. It endangers transportation and manufacture, increases insurance risks and threatens every motorist and pedestrian. Accordingly wordly and secular trends coincided with the aspirations of the religious in demanding an ever more strict control of the traffic in intoxicants.

Secondly, the chief dispensaries of liquor were the saloons, subsidized by breweries and distilleries with a view of securing the maximum sale of their products. Everything was done to make them vulgarly enticing. In our country eating and drinking tended to be divorced. Respectable women did not visit saloons and generally held them in deep horror. A very great number of men rarely or never stepped up to a bar. So "drinking" became identified with the most noxious of our public institutions. As things were, (with some exceptions among the well-to-do in our eastern and southern cities) one became a total abstainer if he kept clear of the saloon. While one might have little sympathy for Miss Frances Willard's cohorts and their consecrated exaggerations, he might readily support the Anti-Saloon League which did not ask you to give up drinking, but merely to aid in ridding the country of a terrible menace.

Finally, to those who held all forms of "drinking" immoral, prohibition was the single way in which to eliminate the saloon. To most others who never or rarely drank and who hated saloons prohibition also made its appeal. To many business men who did drink it seemed highly desirable that their employees should not. No less than thirty of the forty-eight states had before the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment introduced prohibition or local option.

Federal prohibition would then seem at first

sight merely the logical and inevitable consummation of state prohibition, and so it appears to many. While it happily got rid of public saloons, to be replaced by drug stores selling soft drinks and very hard "tonics" (for patent medicines are explicitly exempted by the Volstead Act and often claim to be nearly twice as alcoholic as most whisky) it generated a mighty system of smuggling and stimulated illicit production. Shortly after the "drys" had celebrated prohibition's tenth anniversary those who really appreciated its evil workings plucked up courage and there is at present a growing demand that the control of liquor be restored to the states. The clamor of the professional "drys" for ever more cruel punishments has helped the change of attitude and its public expression.

We are now recovering from a moral slugging and can speak our minds. Planning and experimenting are essential to reduce so far as possible the consumption of liquor and at the same time not prohibit its reasonable use. The disappearance of the saloon and the high prices with which we have become familiar serve greatly to reduce drinking. Corruption, illicit manufacture and sale cannot be entirely eliminated, but measures might be taken so that they would no longer be supported by those who now countenance the evasions of the law and view the matter as a sporting proposition.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON.

Helping the Workers

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

New York

SIR—We must not forget that according to two often quoted New Yorkers there are two great divisions of society in New York—one the Four Hundred, and the other the Four Million. Because of my identification with their lives, their interests, and an uninterrupted thirty-five years association with them, I venture to write with some authority of the Four Million, as they are affected by the Eighteenth Amendment.

Much as all right-minded people deplore the defiance of the Constitution and enacted law by people who are in positions of trust, there is no doubt that there has been vast and incalculable improvement in the homes of the people for whom my chief concern naturally lies.

The dance halls everywhere attract the young—in the days before prohibition as they do now. But in those days the dance was only incident to the sale of liquor and the halls were usually owned by breweries who held the license like a sword of Damocles over the head of a nominal proprietor. Every device was used to attract the crowd—the bright lights, the gay sound and jolly company—the exposed bar—the grand march, stopping to exchange banter with the bar-tender—the habit of treating—the conspicuous aproned waiters—the brief dances—the long waits between the dances—the overheated, unventilated rooms, said to be conducive to thirst. I have gone to the owners of the hall protesting against the open bar, and occasionally offering a goodly sum to have it closed while the dance was on. The proprietor could well afford to smile at these futile attempts.

Now the dance halls from one end of the country to the other have changed. My associates and social workers who are naturally accepted authorities from the East, the Middle West and the West, testify that since prohibition the dances have been orderly, and well-regulated, unmolested by a drunken element.

The evils of the saloon are I think usually compared with the evils of the speakeasies and their equal contempt for law. Commander Booth says that her workers would rather deal with all the speakeasies than with one saloon. Do you not recall how brazenly the saloons displayed their power throughout the years of the privilege? Many were the efforts to control them by legislative enactment or by moral influences.

On Saturday nights their real power was most obvious. The trucks gathered around the curb while the men went inside with their pay envelopes, for the light that streamed out across the pavement invited conviviality. That Saturday night scene has disappeared from one end of the country to the other and with it have gone the Sunday brawls and the tragic Monday mornings, when in factory and workshop the women appealed for advances on their husbands' pay because Mike or Jim or Paul had left the contents of the pay envelope in the saloon.

It would be futile to attempt to claim that prosperity or the serious unemployment of recent years is due to prohibition, because many elements enter into prosperity and unemployment, but the records of a foremost relief society in

New York show that in 1928-1929 only one out of every eleven families register drink as a factor in their dependence, while at the end of the last century when the saloon was in flower, one out of every four families was so handicapped.

Dr. John Elliott says, "There is still drinking among the women of the tenement houses, but it has enormously diminished. Formerly a great amount of time was spent in 'beer parties' and 'rushing the can.' Large numbers of the women were kept in an almost constantly maudlin condition. These beer parties in the home have entirely ceased."

I feel that the most serious question before us is the effect upon the young people. There is not a thinking person in this country who is not shocked by the alleged instruction of the communists to their youth that they are justified in defying the Constitution and the law. These agitators are stigmatized as enemies of society. And yet fathers and mothers who are sensitive to the high responsibility of their parenthood are embarrassed, because their good form and their good taste are challenged by their associates to defy the Constitution and the law. Contempt for enacted law eats into the standards of the young people today, who of course have no possibility of comparing the conditions before and after.

When people say that prohibition is a failure they know it in relation to their particular environment, but would it not have been a miracle to have had complete success in ten years? It is not too much to ask for honest and sincere support for at least a generation.

LILLIAN D. WALD.

Social Customs

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

New York

SIR—While I am not prepared to commit myself to any one plan so far offered for remedying the situation caused by the Eighteenth Amendment, I am strongly against prohibition. Like most of my fellow citizens I am in favor of temperance and I regard the Eighteenth Amendment as a step in the wrong direction and away from our slow progress toward the proper use and control of alcoholic beverages. The economic arguments advanced for prohibition, even if they are based upon sound evidence, of which I am not sure, do not move me at all. If prohibition, as I firmly believe, is morally deleterious, if it detracts from "the sound life," its supposed economic advantages are quite unimportant.

In my own experience, groups of people who either drank little or nothing, or when they drank took wine or beer for social relaxation, have now become habitual users of gin. When I was in college, most of the men drank rather freely of beer and very seldom drank too much. They drank with a good conscience and their drinking was contributory to the social life of the university. Now, it appears, somewhat fewer men drink though this is not certain. It is certain, however, that they drink furtively with a sense of wrongdoing and they drink hard liquor and too much of it. Much the same is true in American life in general. The chief results of prohibition, have been a change in the character of drinking, and a vast increase in the profits of crime. I have yet to hear a single argument for prohibition as it is being practiced today that seemed to me to carry any real weight. I have heard many that seemed impressive, but these were all based on the assumption that if we had not embarked on prohibition no attempt would have been made to do away with the saloon and promote temperance.

My own feeling at the time is that the problem should be left to the states. It is quite clear, for example, that conditions in Kansas and Oklahoma are not the same as conditions in Connecticut and New York and that in so intimate a matter as this, communities should be allowed to work out their own solution.

The Eighteenth Amendment itself is really due to a difference in tradition. Its proponents—chiefly from the West—had only one tradition of drinking—whisky and a spree. Social drinking of wine or beer or any other liquor, where the object was companionship, not to get drunk, was unknown to them. In their ignorance, they struck at a custom as old as civilization and part of it, in their attempt to eradicate a vice and a disease. I believe that a powerful public opinion could still be placed behind measures making for temperance, and a public opinion strong enough to support laws and bring about reform. In the part of the country where I live (Connecticut) and among the people that I see from day to day there is almost week by week less support of and more opposition to prohibition.

HENRY S. CANBY.

With Our Readers

After Prohibition

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent*:
Oakland, Calif.

SIR—What are you going to put in the place of the prohibition amendment when you finally have repealed it, as you so confidently think you will? Vote "wet" you say, and get—what? No definite suggestion has been put forward but "wet."

Perhaps you have studied the regulatory systems used in Europe. Which are successful? Which work better than our present system? Those I have investigated, among them the famous Bratt system of Sweden which legalizes and regulates drunkenness, lead me to wonder whether, indeed, a similar state of affairs is to be preferred, in your opinion, to our present outlawry of the whole traffic.

Give us honestly what you think you want to accomplish—aside from voting wet—and how your plan is better than what we have at present. Tell us also how this plan is better than the other nations, which now, in their own ways, are fighting the habit forming drug, ethyl alcohol.

After all, as far as I can judge, you are fighting not for a principle, but for the physical pleasures of the body—your stomach and nerves. Hogs in a barnyard fight for the food in the trough, and afterward the sunny spot to rest in—physical pleasures—and such seems your fight to me. It is waged for men and women who must have bond-salesmen's mentalities and hungers.

I enjoy your magazine, not so much for its policies—they amuse me—but rather for the many interesting articles, and especially for the biographies. Keep them up!

Be square with us, your readers, give us a constructive remedy—not only, "vote wet"! What next?

JOHN WOODS BEEKMAN.

The Mooney Case and the Yellow Press

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent*:
San Francisco

SIR—One might be very near-sighted and blind in one eye not to perceive the bias and deliberate purpose to distort the facts of the recent Mooney hearing.

The men who accused the District Attorney and others of framing these men, apologized, retracted and stated they were in error, though they still believed the evidence was insufficient to warrant a verdict of guilty. The article by Duncan Aikman is contemptible. If Miss Smith's testimony is unworthy because of her conduct, by the same method of reasoning both Mooney and Billings are doubly condemned. They are not a couple of innocent lambs, which you can easily discover by reading the testimony.

The big noise in all this hubbub is the yellow press, egged on by such creatures as Berkman, Older and Emma Goldman. It hardly seems credible that any one should regard them as champions of justice.

S. L. BERNSTEIN.

Ins and Outs

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent*:
Detroit

SIR—I am sorry your correspondent, Mr. Stewart, did not like my article on "politics;" but flattered that he "read it three times," in a diligent search for something to criticize.

I admit the disheartening effect of the small town atmosphere, (Hardwick, pop. 1,550); but no man from the state which sent the late George F. Edmunds to the Senate is justified in announcing in print that he has lost faith "in the intelligence of the people and the success of democracy." On what is he to base the hopes of success of his New Party except this? Surely not on the unintelligence of the electorate,—or does he?

I should like to say that I share his respect for Dr. Dewey; but I misdoubt that in the present case Dr. Dewey has been made the unwitting stalking horse for others with an itch for power. Dr. Dewey has many interests; he does not announce that he is going to give them up that he may devote his entire time and attention to the League for Independent Political Action. But the organizing of such an enterprise is a full time job for any man, not the occupation of

an idle hour, or so. Prof. Dewey would have to emulate the jade in Tam O' Shanter, who
"Coost her duddies to the wark,
And linkit at it in her sark."

He has made no such offer; nor will he.

I did not "harp on the need only of Ins and Outs." Harping is an exercise of extreme harmony. Rather did I trumpet, tympanate and tintinnabulate against the continued softness of easily moved minds, the continued danger of lending itching and eager ears to each touted "reform." These reforms have come to make so considerable a group that we might properly give them a class by themselves. Why not call them Public Utilities?

Should the L. I. P. A., under the aegis of Dr. Dewey's name, though without his active assistance, attain any national prominence, Mr. Stewart will find the distinction between Ins and Outs a very real one. And if, even now, he were marching in an army with banners, I am sure some of them would carry the motto "Turn the rascals Out." I did not refer to the "horrors" of group control; I merely pointed out some unhappy, and quite apparent, results arising from this method of legislating.

If, in closing, Mr. Stewart feels that the line between Republicans and Democrats is "microscopically thin," I can only say that either the *Hardwick Gazette* has lost some of its old time vigor, or his subscription has lapsed. I am glad he still keeps up the *Outlook*, and adds to the gayety of nations with an occasional letter.

MAYNARD D. FOLLIN.

This Must Stop Sometime

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent*:
Carbondale, Pa.

SIR—The mudslinging about Louis Adamic's article on Haldeman-Julius is a little ridiculous, but amusing. I guess the thing in a nutshell is that since his losses last year on the stock market, Haldeman-Julius is trying to become again a champion of the proletariat for profit, and Adamic's statements show him up as an exploiter of the underdog himself.

E. F. THOMAS.

Rebuttal

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent*:
New York

SIR—In his letter in the September 10 issue, Mr. Haldeman-Julius is—characteristically—careless with truth.

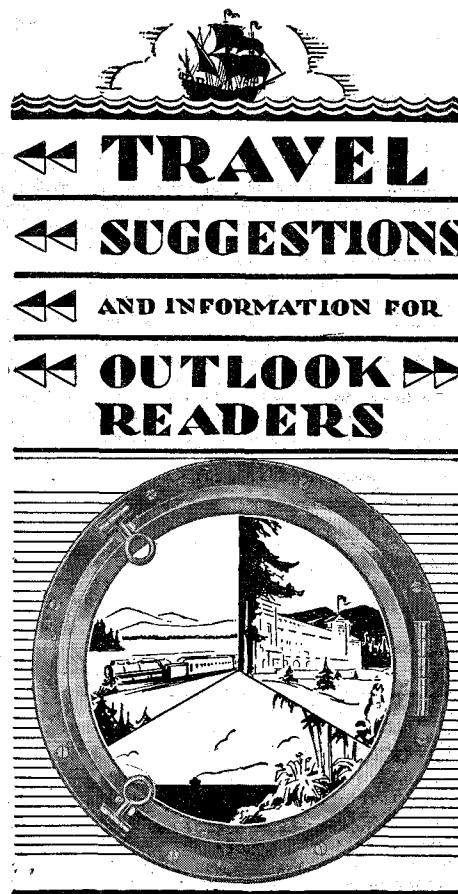
In my article about him, I made no complaint of his treatment of other people, while he boasted editorially of the great fortune he was making. The fact is that he treated me rather decently in comparison with other writers because my articles (most of them bad), as he himself admitted in the *Weekly*, were circulation-getters. When he says that the percentage of rejections in my case was extremely large but that I did get across "once in a while," he flirts with being called a short and ugly name. He accepted the first article that I sent him and, calling it "fine" and "amusing" (it was neither), thanked me for it. My manuscript record shows that he accepted the next five articles I wrote, then rejected two in succession, then accepted seven more one after the other, and so on. Altogether, in two and a half years, he accepted thirty-seven of my articles, more than half of which he featured, and rejected eleven (I think some of the best I wrote), and published also four of my Little Blue Books.

As to the title "Voltaire from Kansas"—Mr. Haldeman-Julius himself sent me the "Candid" portrait of himself that appeared in the *Outlook* without my asking him for it. Moreover, back in 1925 he published in the *Weekly* an enormous editorial, spread over the entire page, entitled "Wanted—A Voltaire for America," in which he himself stepped forward to fill the want. But he may keep his million Blue Books, which he offers me.

If he likes, Mr. Haldeman-Julius may have, as far as I care, the last say in this controversy, which is beginning to verge upon the absurd.

LOUIS ADAMIC.

EDITORS' NOTE—Although amusing, the controversy about Mr. E. Haldeman-Julius is, as Mr. Thomas points out, becoming a little ridiculous. Unless Mr. Haldeman-Julius cares to take advantage of Mr. Adamic's offer, no further letters on this subject will be printed.



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ton, D. C.

Behind the Blurbs

(Continued from Page 147)

even though I write a book which you may understand sometime." Now this is handsome of Mr. Moxley, particularly as we have a feeling that he wasn't completely satisfied with the review. For he says: "Incidentally, I appreciate that you do not understand a paragraph of the book, and probably will not understand a paragraph of my next book. So for God's sake do not try to review any more of my books." Nevertheless, he is going to try to do better. "After being compared—by other critics so far your superiors as to render you almost a nitwit—with Voltaire, H. G. Wells, Poe, Stevenson, Swift, Melville, Anatole France, and the Biblical Job, the let-down accompanying your contention that the book was nothing but a miserable piece of literature impelled me to say to myself: 'Now I must really and truly do something better so that the delectably dead Outlook will be pleased with my writing.'" Now that is a very fine spirit, though Mr. Moxley is perhaps a shade too humble. He left out Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe. And

after all, we only said that he lacked a sense of humor. Nevertheless, we are very grateful for his letter, and look forward with much pleasure to further communications from him. *** The life of Gilles de Rais, companion in arms of Jeanne D'Arc, Marshal of France, and murderer, the dungeons of whose castles held heaps of bones of the children he had slain, has been set forth in *The Black Baron*¹. It is a grim and terrible story, and Mr. Dix has written it in an easy and readable style, with much attention to exactitude of external detail. But De Rais himself is a shadow; a bogey to frighten children, but not an understandable human being. Perhaps he must be in a popular treatment, in anything but a study in abnormal psychology. Nevertheless we finished the book feeling that Mr. Dix knew no more about him than he had told us,—and he should have. *** *The Toasted Blonde*² is the story of one of these mass murderers who slay to avenge the death of a brother, sent to prison as the result of an attempt by a group of perfectly nice people to cover up a family scandal. The motive for the slayings was so weak that all the excitement seemed to us a

bit forced. Even the dead kitten, which was the slayer's signature, did not make us shudder. *** A much better yarn is *The Trent Trail*³, in which that handsome and pleasant adventurer, Anthony Trent, finds out who is blackmailing Sir Ambrose Wenlock, the famous diplomat. Assisted by the great man's niece (whom he doesn't marry), and by Harbord, a young lawyer, he dashes about at top speed, captured, escapes ingeniously, and in the end saves not only Sir Ambrose, but twenty-three other distinguished old gents from ruin. *** *The Charming Murder*⁴ is not, as we had hoped, what its name implies—a murder charmingly done, but the murder of Dr. Charming, popped off at a party in his own home. Suspicion flits hither and thither under the accusing eyes of Lieut. Doner, while through the entire investigation the guests keep on drinking. There's really an awful lot of liquor in this book, but the solution is unexpected and ingenious.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. By Tennille Dix: Bobbs Merrill, \$3.50.
2. By Christopher Reeve: Morrow, \$2.00.
3. By Wyndham Martyn: McBride, \$2.00.
4. By Frank Shay: Macaulay, \$2.00.

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» Will long **REMAIN UNCHALLENGED**—*President Angell of Yale*

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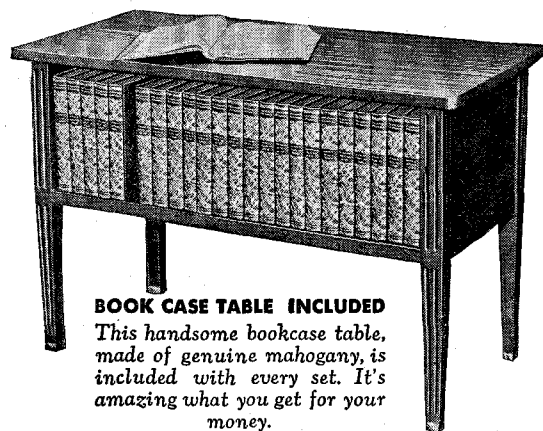
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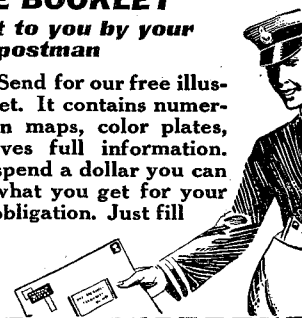
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With Our Readers

Working Students

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Raleigh, N. C.

SIR—In the issue of September 3rd, Mr. Raymond F. Howes's article, "The Student Works His Way," is to be commended for its broad treatment of facts as the student who works his way will find them.

Mr. Howes has attacked the shallow views of the hero worshippers and has tried to present in their stead facts that every boy or girl who is contemplating going to college should know.

Your magazine is to be commended for pioneering against such false and shallow notions which people have about the self-help student in college. I worked my way through college and now serve in the capacity of director of student employment at North Carolina State College, and from my experience, I advocate a factual treatment of the self-help students' problems rather than so much rubbish about the glory and honor of working out one's education. Few students who work while going to college have a fair chance to develop their personalities as do the men who have enough money to educate themselves with.

More power and progress to the Outlook and Independent.

JOE E. MOORE.

Liberalism at Antioch

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Chicago

SIR—I am quite sure that you are going to be raked over the coals repeatedly and thoroughly for one point in the Tucker article on Senator Fess in the Outlook received today. It is rather too bad that such a charming article should contain a reference to Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio, as a school of Senator Fess' nurturing. Any one familiar with the present policies and personalities of that institution would deplore such an error as much as he would deplore Senator Fess himself.

Since 1920-21 the college has been taken over for one of the really significant experiments in modern education, under Arthur E. Morgan. It is no longer sectarian, or local, or narrow. I have never attended there, but I know several types of colleges and universities from personal experience, being now engaged in research at the University of Chicago. After reading all I could find about it, and talking to graduates and persons who had informed themselves about it, I am doing everything in my power to encourage my younger sisters to attend there with a view to securing the balanced, intelligent, internationalized education which seems to people like us—meaning Mr. Tucker, you and me—to be essential to a satisfactory way of life.

Really, it's a shame, you know. Here is a complete antithesis in the Senator's life with which he had nothing to do except to be what the college went from.

MRS. SAMUEL H. HORNE.

The Last Round

[EDITORS' NOTE—The Editors of the Outlook feel that the controversy about Mr. Haldeman-Julius's treatment of writers, has gone too far. The following letter from Mr. Haldeman-Julius to Mr. Maynard Shipley, together with Mr. Shipley's reply, are published at Mr. Haldeman-Julius's request. No other letters on this subject will be printed hereafter.]

Mr. Maynard Shipley, Girard, Kansas
President Science League of America,
San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR MR. SHIPLEY:

Mr. Louis Adamic, who wrote a malicious article about me in the Outlook last June, has followed this up with a series of letters in which he has made a number of charges against me to prove that I treat my authors ungenerously. I am supposed to be running a literary sweat-shop. Thus far I have answered all of his charges except one, which came to me in a letter from Mr. Adamic, but which I am sure he will want to print later, at least in part, for he has already used portions of it.

Here's what Mr. Adamic writes:

"The 'California writer' told me in person that years ago he could not get money out of you for accepted scripts and that finally, after he had implored you a long time and his work was

already in print, you sent him a great big box of Little Blue Books with the business-like suggestion that he go out and peddle them, thus getting his honorarium. This happened at Christmas-time, when the writer and his wife were in great need of money to buy food and fuel. I believe the man."

Of course, you are my only California author of Little Blue Books, so I take it he is referring to you. Will you be good enough to write me at once telling me if Mr. Adamic is writing the truth. Did I ever fail to pay you anything coming to you? Did I finally send you books instead of money? I will be very grateful if you will write me fully and frankly, because I cannot let such charges go unchallenged.

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS.

Mr. Maynard Shipley's Reply

San Francisco

Dear Mr. Haldeman-Julius:

Replying to your letter of inquiry regarding Mr. Adamic's article, the actual facts are as follows:

Adamic asked me the direct question, "How much does Haldeman-Julius pay you for a 15,000-word book?" I answered, "\$50 in cash, and 500 books, which, I take it, he thinks I can sell at my lectures, thus making the 'honorarium' \$75. But I've virtually abandoned lecture work, so I figure on the \$50 as my compensation."

Now I want to be perfectly fair both to you and to Adamic. So, while I have no recollection of having told him the following incident, it is remotely possible that I did. At the worst, it amounted to this, and that only in a single instance. It is a fact—though I can't see why or how I happened to mention it, and can't recollect that I did—that once (*in re Greek Physics and Modern Science*) you wrote me that you wouldn't buy the book, but you would publish it if I accepted Little Blue Books in full payment. I still have the letter, somewhere.

Neither my wife nor I can remember speaking of this to Adamic—it is several years since we met him. Yet I do not desire to cast any aspersion on him; it is possible that I told him of this incident—having no suspicion that I was not talking as one Haldeman-Julius writer to another, certainly not for future publication. I assume that this must be what Adamic means by the "California writer" who "could not get money out of (you) for accepted scripts." Although it is true that I was going through a bad period financially, I certainly never mentioned this circumstance to you, much less "implored you a long time" or had any work "already in print." It was up to me to accept or reject your offer, which I did.

You have not only never failed to pay me promptly any amount you agreed to pay, but when you gave me the order for the *Key to Evolution*, you were kind enough to advance me \$200 on account the moment I explained my situation. Not only that, but you voluntarily increased my compensation at that time by 100 per cent, as your books will show.

To the best of my knowledge and belief, this is the whole story, not one fact omitted, and written with the very sincere desire to be wholly fair to both you and Mr. Adamic, to whom I am sending a copy of this letter.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

Vigilant Professor Fisher

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

New Haven

SIR—In the Outlook of September 3, you reported Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, Vice President of the Life Extension Institute, as saying:

"Man has three outlets for his energy—alcoholic intoxication, love and work. It is not a bad idea to mix the three about evenly."

Because of my long personal association with Dr. Fisk I queried him by wireless to the French Liner Lafayette, on which he had set sail, asking whether he had been correctly quoted. Dr. Fisk has replied to me by wireless:

"Deny interview as stated. I quoted a French philosopher on three escapes from reality, but said it is better to love intensely than lead a sterile narrow life. I did not say mix the three, but said work is the best outlet. Do what you can to correct. I said man employs three escapes, but I had abiding faith that he would find constructive rather than destructive escapes."

As is well known, Dr. Fisk in all his writings, including his book on "Alcohol" for which I wrote the introduction, has consistently advocated total

abstention from alcohol as a health measure In his book Dr. Fisk sums up his personal experience in this wise:

"After twenty-five years of experience in the close personal observation and physical examination of all types of men, from laborers to statesmen and leaders of scientific thought, and in the sifting and weighing of evidence relating to the influences that affect longevity as revealed by the experience on large masses of men, my cumulative judgment is that alcohol is a destructive force, wholly evil in its total effects. I deprecate the too prevalent tendency to apologize for alcohol, to deal gently and tenderly with it, instead of bringing it to the bar of human judgment to answer for its misdemeanors and justify its right to be exposed for sale on the street corners as a beverage harmless for the average man."

After this unqualified statement it might be unnecessary to add that Dr. Fisk has for many years been a convinced prohibitionist

IRVING FISHER.

Home Rule and Internal Importation

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Ithaca, N. Y.

SIR—Your discussion of Mr. Auerbach's proposal seems far from complete. I think there are a number of substantial objections to his plan, not mentioned either by you or by him, which will reasonably carry weight with others than "zealots . . . who would arrogate to themselves the moral right and duty to regulate the personal conduct of all citizens of the union"

Firstly, under the proposed plan we should have, not a single national frontier, but a series of internal frontiers between wet and dry states, with all the difficulties of stopping traffic across them; and these difficulties would be, on the average, much greater because market and frontier would be much closer together.

Secondly, you cannot stop importation inside of a man. In these automobile days a strip five to ten miles wide in every dry state where it touches a wet one would be about as wet as in the neighbor state; and a strip up to thirty or forty miles wide would be pretty damp.

Finally, with the abstract principle of home rule most of us will agree. But why the limitation to a state as the unit? Where is the justice in withdrawing the benefit of prohibition from dry New York State and subjecting its people to the "tyranny" of wet New York City?

E. H. KENNARD.

Teaching the Young Idea to Spy

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Princeton

SIR—We have, on the authority of Dr. T. Scott McBride in testimony given before a Senate committee, the statement that the Anti-Saloon League was born of prayer and is, therefore, divine in origin.

We know that the Eighteenth Amendment was given us largely through the efforts of the Anti-Saloon League.

We read in a dispatch from Washington printed in the New York Times under date of September 4, that the branch of our government charged with enforcing the prohibition laws advises its officers to employ boys as spies in detecting violations of these laws.

What of the analogy to be drawn from these facts; and what of a nation which continues to allow itself to be fooled by such a situation? Prohibition is fast teaching the youth of our land to drink. Must it also be initiated into the art of spying?

JOHN S. VAN NEST.

Den of Iniquity

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Witten, S. D.

SIR—If you have the best interests of the country at heart why don't you say that the Eighteenth Amendment must be enforced? If you repeal it what have you to take its place—nothing, of course. My experience is that we should expect nothing else from New York City and the people who live there. You go to any lengths in everything you do, *Collier's* the other week printed the views of a fourteen-year-old girl on prohibition. Of course it was unfavorable, otherwise they would not have printed it.

You New Yorkers are a rotten outfit and you have a rotten outlook on life. Come again.

J. G. EVERS.